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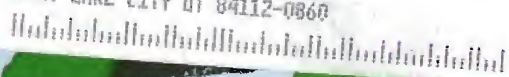
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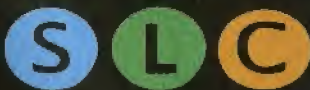
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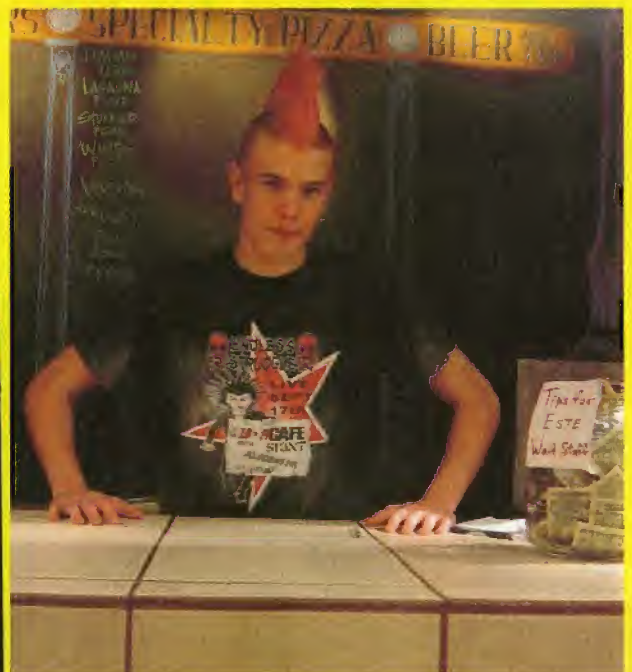


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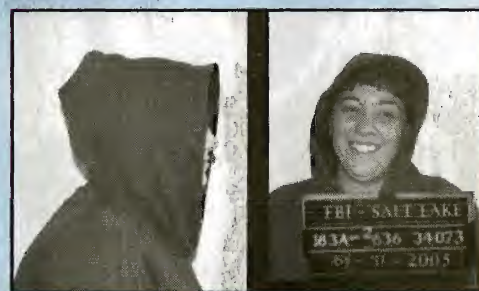
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Contributor Limelight



Melinda Navarez Copy Editor

What happens when you mix cutting and chopping grammar with phrases for SLUG Magazine, Hispanic heritage with the Dave Matthews Band? Come see dice copy editor? Melinda Navarez! Cuando Melinda está

fuera palabros de volver a arreglar ella puede ser encontrada hacer karaoke, maltratando su conejito y la redacción independiente la literatura erótica. Copy and paste, friends, copy and paste.

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by LYLE KESSLER



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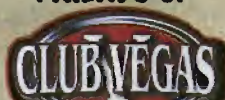
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New!

Dear dickheads

Dear Dickheads,
Im wondering if there are any local SLUG guys that are single. I've just had it up to there with guys who only care about snowboarding, their friends drinking beer and calling lovemaking "getting pussy-laid." Is it too much to ask 4 a sensitive guy who likes good music and talking about important shit like literature and local art scenes? Are they just not around anymore or do they all work at SLUG? What happened to the sensitive guy? Please give him my email.

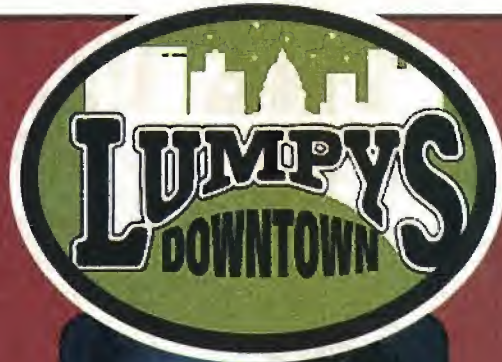
-shoegazedreamer@aol.com

YES, they all work for SLUG.

Dear Dickheads,
I recently spent my summer in Salt Lake City and one of the best parts was picking up your magazine each month. I found some of the best music through it that I have ever! Now I'm back at school at Oklahoma State University, and was wondering if there was any way to continue getting issues. If there is a subscriptions to it or if it's possible to make mailings out to me.

Thanks,
Zack

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GALLERY STROLL

By Mariah Mann Mellus

Mariah@slugmag.com

The Gallery Stroll is a unique opportunity to experience the art world from the ground up. This event opens doors to private artist's studios, co-ops and formal art galleries. These places are rarely seen outside of their established associations, but on the third Friday of the month, the doors are open and everyone can become an art dealer, collector, connoisseur or, at the very least, an enthusiast.

The Utah Arts Alliance, under the direction of Derek Dyer, is a thriving art gallery, studio space, classroom and multicultural center. With the growth of the Art Alliance, the need for a full time curator developed. And when you want to make advancements in your gallery, who better to recruit than the godfather of independent art galleries and *Gallery Stroll Board Member Kent Rigby*? Kent brings years of experience in organizing and executing art shows. His first show will be marked in ink – tattoo ink to be specific. The *SLC INK Show* features original work by Kita from *Happy Valley Tattoo*, Brandon Lewis and Milton Riley from *Heavy Duty Tattoo* in Ogden, Oak from *Painted Temple* in Provo, Strom from *Attitude Tattoo*, Wee from *Iron Clad* and Jared, Ryan, and CJ from *Apparition*. Each artist was invited to enter up to four pieces of original artwork. The significance of this show is to further the visibility of tattoo work as formal artwork, and to dissolve some of the cultural stigma. The show will begin October 27th and run through November 25th. Gallery hours are Fridays from 5-8pm including the Gallery Stroll night on November 17th, as well as Saturdays from 2pm-8pm, or by appointment by contacting Kent Rigby at krigby@ajcarchitects.com. The Utah Art Alliance is located at 2191 West, 300 South.

The Pickle Company located at 741S. 400 W. has refreshed its art itinerary with a new artist in-residency program. The Ruhlman brothers David and Mathieu are the first recipients of the artist in residency program. *The Pickle Companies'* residence program offers studio space, access to equipment, technical assistance and exhibition opportunities. Utilizing all those assets, the Ruhlman brothers have created "*Aerial*," a 500-square foot sound, object, and video installation.

Revitalizing the Pickle Companies monthly exhibits is guest curator *Kenny Riches*. For his first exhibit he presents "*We are Woven*" works by Jenni Lords, Allison Baar, Sherri Pauline and Moey Nelson. This show will enlighten the viewer to the ways of the woman, the mysterious world of femininity, sisterhood, creating life, beauty and passion. Both of these shows open November 17th from 6-9pm and remain on display at the Pickle Company until December 10th. Regular hours are Tuesday through Saturday 11am -6pm for more information go to www.thepicklecompany.org

Open invitation, all the information, no excuses. Now stop reading and go out there and do something, like supporting local art!

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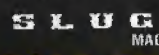
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GETTING THE FACTS STRAIGHT WITH EVO

In September 2006, after a semi-stagnant three-year period, the **Lower Class Brats** released their fourth album, *The New Seditiores*, on **TKO Records**. "After *A Class of Our Own* came out we had some line up changes. In order to get a good **Lower Class Brats** song we all needed to be together, and for a while we weren't," **Evo** the bass player of **Lower Class Brats** said. The band was also looking for a new label at the time. **Lower Class Brats** had been working with **Punk Core Records** since '98 when the label re-released *Rather Be Hated Than Ignored*. "We had a handshake agreement with **Dave**, owner of **Punk Core**, for awhile it was a great working relationship. Three records later when our contract was up we had to decide if we should renew or move on. I don't really know what happened. We were on that label for so many years and I think all parties involved were tired of everything," **Evo** said. "We picked **TKO** because **Mark**, the owner was really interested. We felt really comfortable working with him, and so we just went for it. We knew **TKO** would put effort into our records and our band."

Prior to the release of their album, the Brats did a west coast tour, but decided to only play a few shows in their hometown of Texas after the release. "We're working on getting an east coast tour, but going on a huge tour right now wouldn't be financially possible. Plus, I can't really leave my job during the week," Said **Evo**, who teaches history, geography and social skills to mentally challenged children Monday thru Friday, nine months of the year. "If we did a large tour right now, I wouldn't be able to go on it. I'm a teacher. I don't want to get fired. I have a contract. I can't break it. I won't break it. I like both things and I wouldn't want to have to give up either of them."

After switching some members with the **Strap Onz**, who later, became **Complete Control**, switching labels and touring Europe, the Brats were able to produce a record that was awesome. *The New Seditiores* captures the raw primal elements of the band that haven't been fully present since their debut release *Rather Be Hated Than Ignored*, which was recorded in a living room. The sound quality on the new album is much better, but those raw elements are undeniably still there. I think it's the bands best release since the first one, and that's with **Clay** as the 9th drummer and **Evo** being the 4th bass player. "Even though our line up has changed a lot I think our attitude has stayed the same and the sound has remained pretty uniform," **Evo** said.

Two years prior the release of their new album, the Brats ran into some trouble in Salt Lake. It was mid October of 2004 and they were on tour with **All Out Attack** and **The Casualties** and playing at the now defunct **Lofi Café**. After the Brats had finished

playing and **The Casualties** had just taken the stage, the crowd erupted into some kind of a fight. From here, everyone's stories spiraled off in ten million directions. Some people said that a member of the Brats had spit on a kid and others in the crowd were just taking retribution for his actions. Other stories included that a member of **LCB** tried to start a full-on fight with a member of the crowd. You get the picture the entire incident became totally blown out of proportion. When I asked **Evo** what had actually occurred that night he was eager to share his story.

"I was the only member of the **Lower Class Brats** that was involved in any drama that night. **Clay** wasn't in the band yet and **Bones** and **Marty** were at the strip club across the street. We had played our show and were done. I was getting some water and was walking around the pit, the opposite direction that all the kids were going," **Evo** said. Suddenly he was pushed from behind. He didn't think anything of it and it wasn't a big deal, then a split second later he was pushed again hard enough that his hat flew off. "I picked up my hat and turned around. The kid that had pushed me was kneeling down and turned away from me. I took a side step and kneed him in the head. It was reactionary. He fell over and then I kneed him again. When I looked up I had 200 kids just staring at me." Shortly afterwards he was surrounded by 20 guys, who talked some shit, but nothing really happened.

"Later we found out they'd tagged our van up. I was surprised that's all they'd done. I mean I never wanted to hurt anyone. When I found out the kid was 16 or 17 that didn't help either. If I'd seen his face I wouldn't have done anything. I would have realized that he was young. I mean he did kind of ask for it. There's no danger in the punk scene anymore. It was a reactionary move. I won't apologize for it... but I hope he didn't get a concussion or anything," **Evo** said.

Although the Brats don't have any official tour plans in the near future hopefully they'll be rolling through Salt Lake soon. "It's okay when we don't get a lot [of money] but get to play in a small town where nothing really comes through. It's not about the money for us," **Evo** said. "We played in Slovenia in what used to be a Yugoslavian prison. There were only about 80 kids there, but no one ever goes there. It was a good experience. We didn't get paid much, but we got to expose kids to our music and that's more important." It's good to know that even after nearly a decade of playing shows, releasing four albums and shuffling through drummers like there is no tomorrow, the Brats still have their priorities straight. After 10 years some bands may throw in the rope and say it was time to sell out, but not these guys. Hell no.



By Jeanette N...

www.rockmag.com



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w/ Johnny Cocktail
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Th- "Foosball Tournament" w/ DJ TBA
F- "Touring/Local Band" Night
S- "DJ Sam i am" Night
Sun- "Sunday Brunch" 11-3, Guitar Hero & DMFJ Night

NOVEMBER SHOWS

3- BlackHole CD Release w/Patrol(from Seattle) & Le Force
10- Heaters w/ Invisible Rays
17- Iota w/ Spork
24- Camden Ray w/TBA

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by ryan michael painter rien@davidbowie.com

New Skin

New Skin
Cleopatra Records
Street: 10.10
New Skin = Rosetta Stone + Berlin

Somewhere in UK in the late 90s on the living room mantle was a small business card that read "Goth is dead...fashionable then!" and at the time it seemed a year late. For all intents and purposes, Goth wasn't in fashion but was wandering away into the EBM stylings of VNV Nation, Mesh, Covenant and Apoptygma Berzerk. Guitars were so passé. Half a decade later (and then some) Cleopatra Records, once home to all things Gothic in the 90s, starts the great hype machine declaring New Skin as their great new signing. Could a rebirth really be lingering around the corner and could it be justified? Don't jump to conclusions. New Skin doesn't label themselves as Gothic, but to simply call them a "electro-pop" group would be equally misleading. Imagine electroclash jumping in bed with guitars, ditching the computer isolated vocal, smearing the once flawless make-up into something a bit more horrific, beautiful and danceable. New Skin are what Switchblade Symphony should have been: female fronted New Wave with bite, pop-goth-electro-rock without the silly (horrible) nursery rhymed lyrics and lollipop giggling. Jen and Gil, welcome. Please do take off your coat, get comfortable and stay awhile.

The Tyde

Three's Co.
Rough Trade
Street: 08.29
The Tyde = The Delays + British Sea Power + Fiery Furnaces

Rough Trade has again established itself as a premier home to indie rock. In the Tyde they have found a group that encapsulates the label's sound. While they aren't nearly as soaring, warm and playful as The Delays, they do have the same sort of appeal and combine it with the finer elements of British Sea Power (which sadly turned out to be something of a disappointment) and the staccato of the Fiery Furnaces' better songs. The first half of the album is brilliant: "Separate Cars" is haunting, while "Do it Again Again", "Glassbottom Lights" and "Brock Landers" are pop bliss. Midway through, things become bogged down a bit; "Ltd. Appeal" is a throw away, as are "The Lamest Shows" and "Aloha Breeze". Things pick up again with "The Pilot" and finish off nicely with "Don't Need a Leash" and a dancefloor remix of "Glassbottom Lights."

Isobel Campbell

Milk White Sheets
V2

Street: 11.07
Isobel Campbell = Hope Sandoval & The Warm Inventions - Country twang + Traditional Balladry

Sometimes it's hard to believe that Isobel was once the Belle in Belle & Sebastian, considering the dramatic difference in sound that Milk White Sheets has compared to anything Stuart & Co. has put out in recent years. None of the schoolboy cheek and cleverness appear here, which is as much a warning as it is a recommendation. Pulling traditional tunes alongside newly composed songs in her off time while recording *Ballad of the Broken Seas* with Mark Lanegan, Milk White Sheets is a folk record albeit a reluctant one that you won't find wearing sweaters and philosophizing in a café. Full of melancholy, sparse in arrangement, haunting and beautiful, Isobel reminds us that doing something new and different isn't a bad idea when it's done well.

Starlite Desperation

Don't Do Time
Self Released
Street: Tour Only
Starlite Desperation = Various Shades of BRMC, BJM with a new dose of Gene Loves Jezebel
Live: 11.09.06 @ The Broken Record

Having seen the Starlite Desperation a handful of times opening for beloved bands like Black Rebel Motorcycle Club and The Psychedelic Furs, it wasn't hard to see their potential, but I can't say that I was ever completely won over. They seemed to be the perfect opening band, talented but if you missed them it wasn't the end of the world. Don't Do Time, a collection of out-of-print tracks, demos, favorite album tracks and a preview to their new album, has started to change my mind. The two new tracks "We Don't Do Time" and "My Violin" are concise songs that remind me of the mid-period brilliance of Gene Loves Jezebel, where the avant-garde and pop melted together in the most satisfying way. Even the older material seems stronger than I remember it being. "Born to be Dizzy" still charms. Having recently been released from Capitol Records, (who didn't quite understand the band's direction), the future seems free and promising. See them on the 9th of November and pick up this little treasure of a retrospective.



TUESDAY

Upstairs – "80s Time Tunnel"
80s Flashback with DJ Radar
Downstairs – Old School Goth & Industrial
with DJ Jeremiah
Cover – \$3 before 10pm
\$5 after 10pm
Ladies FREE until 11pm
Drink Specials – \$2 pints, \$6 pitchers,
\$3 Sex on the Beach

WEDNESDAY

New Night Starting November 15th!

THURSDAY

Upstairs – 80s New Wave Flashback
with DJ Radar
Downstairs – "Sanctuary" Gothic and
Darkwave with DJ Evil K
Cover – \$3 before 10pm
\$5 after 10pm
Ladies FREE until 11pm
Drink Specials – \$3.75 Red Bull vodka

FRIDAY

Upstairs – "Klub Kulture" Dance,
Alternative and Techno
with DJ Jeremiah
Downstairs – "Das Maschine"
Industrial and EBM
with DJ Viking
Cover – \$3 before 10pm
\$5 after 10pm
Drink Specials – \$3 Kamikazes
\$2 Coronas

SATURDAY

Upstairs – "In the Mix" Alternative,
Techno and Dance with
DJ Jeremiah
Downstairs – "Subculture" Industrial,
Gothic and 80s with
DJ Evil K and DJ Viking
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MODUS OPERANDI

A post-apocalyptic wreckage of electronic debris
and industrial remains for a reconstructed world.

By onamyseven

onamyseven@kommandzero.net

It's that time of the year when I start anticipating what artists and albums will compete for my annual top ten list. Is it just me or has 2006 been lacking in the Industrial arena? There have been plenty of albums that I enjoy, but when I think of stand-out, mind-blowing releases, there isn't much coming to mind. Is anyone else in this situation? I'm still waiting to pick up the never-fail albums, namely the new *Katoo* and *M2*, that come out after *Maschinenfest* to give me something to rave about. So readers, I have to ask, is there a band or album that you have found that blows you away this year? Send me an email and tell me about it.

The Retrosic

Nightcrawler

Metropolis Records

Street: 11.07

The Retrosic = Wumpscut + Suicide Commando

Not since The Retrosic's 2004 album *God of Hell* have I been immersed in such delicious harshness full of Wumpscut-flavored brutality then as I have with the German duo's latest, *Nightcrawler*. Their 4th album crawls out of the bag covered in the residue of their earlier work, but brings an extra punch with a more mature album. The aptly titled, "Unleash hell" opens with a sample and a sinister organ melody and kicks in with punchy beats, growling vocals and angelic female lilting. Next is "Revolution," my favorite at the moment, with an upbeat waltzing hook and fantastic samples and song writing. "Desperate Youth," "Bloodsport," and "Deathdealer" are next up; all three make catchy floor-fillers with unique instrumentation and beats you can't sit still through. The brilliant "Quid pro quo" is another amazing piece that starts with haunted chords of evil, bringing images of a scratchy old black-and-white movie. The brilliance of The Retrosic is notable, and I think industrial fans everywhere will agree that this is one of the best acts to emerge in the last decade. Between their sounds, samples, vocals and textures, The Retrosic hits pure genius with the way they bring the listener into their ominous post-apocalyptic world.

Apoptygma Berzerk

You and Me Against the World

Metropolis Records

Street: 10.10

Apoptygma Berzerk = Commercial pop crap + genuine talent

This album was originally released a year ago on Warner Bros. records, yet I refrained from buying it because so many fans gave it big thumbs down. Now out on Metropolis, the more I listen to *You and Me Against the World*, the more it grows on me, and honestly, I never saw that coming. This album reeks of mainstream synthpop/industrial complete with a solid rock band sound, not quite what the industrial kids are into. **Stephen Groth** is loaded with talent and he's breaking out of the borders of said genre and taking it to a different level. With songs like "In This Together" and "You Keep me from Breaking Apart," Groth merges his electroclash sound from his side-project the *Fairlight Children* with new rock band and it works. The cover of *Kim Wilde's* "Cambodia" is so damn catchy, you'll find it impossible to resist. However, Apop fans should be prepared to be disappointed. Most of these songs could sandwich perfectly in between *Green Day* and *My Chemical Romance* on the radio station. I only hope that one day Groth can receive the same mainstream success that he deserves.

IRW

Ground Zero

Black Rain

Street: 9.11

IRW = Velvet Acid Christ + Wumpscut + Hocico

Black Rain's latest signing IRW come complete with the standard ingredients for an industrial recipe. A mixture of whispering and hissing with vocals are reminiscent of *Bryan Erickson*. Beats and melodies are simplistic in the vein of Wumpscut. The polished sound and crisp production give it a cleaner Hocico touch. In the 10 tracks on *Ground Zero*, a nice semblance of harmonies and rich dancefloor beats are comforting, but there's not any moment on *Ground Zero* that makes IRW a stand-out act. As if they already knew that disc wasn't captivating enough, they came up with a limited edition bonus disc with 10 more songs. However, in the 10 tracks, only remixes from *Distorted Reality* and *Amateur God* add some punch. Mundane female vocals are added in that Wumpscut and VAC style, but most of the time they don't work for Rudy and I find they certainly don't add to IRW. Needless to say, IRW did not make a good first impression.

Perception Cleanse Perception

Cross Cutting in Cold Frames

Dungeon/Backscatter

Street: 06.01

Perception Cleanse Perception = Iszaloscope atmospheres + Scam beats + heavy sampling

KJ Cazier of PCP could write the official handbook on music sampling – he's got that knack. With "Newsbreak" flipping through stations listening to reporters spewing propaganda in perfect time with heavy guitar that breaks into song half way through, it's the perfect example of the sample-usage, heavy, but not overdone. "The Effect," is a favorite with dark trip-hop beats and rapped out vocals that capture a deliciously gritty texture. Darkness prevails on "The Tunnel" with thick atmospheric fog, distant beats and waves of sound that wane through the night. Medical static rhythms pop through "Behind the Asylum's Walls" and familiar samples are found on "Liquid Sugar," adding a lighter mood to the dark mood of the album. The album ends with a 15 atmospheric piece, "Medusa's Chamber," that is meant to be savored in the dark with the volume turned high. Cazier masters the atmospheres the way that he has mastered sampling and showcases his work on *Cross Cutting in Cold Frames*.



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Separation of Self, Frustrations Gripp,
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By Bryer Wharton Kinsdalewounds@aol.com

Well for some strange reason, this month I have no new releases they are all from October. In a way that is a good thing because if something strikes your fancy you can easily find it instead of having to wait for it to be released. On that note, keep in mind the reviews that are in the magazine are massively downsized and you can find them all on the website

Blut Aus Nord

Mort

Candlelight

Street: 10.03

Blut Aus Nord = Axis of Perdition + SunnO)) + Mayhem

This record is one track divided into eight parts. All parts carry the same atmosphere, each one building upon another. Guitars are purposely out of key, and any hint of structure is completely and utterly destroyed when the first few notes of the album are released through ones speakers. Mort is driven to suck the listener into a perplexing world totally of its own, and by the end you might find yourself looking for a razor or something to damage your person. Any indication of melody, harmony and just plain pleasantness will not be found. Musical atmospheres rarely drive the psyche to such depths, but in this case there is no escaping. These disturbed French folks previous works have been slightly more traditional and structure driven, but I guess they decided to throw off the gloves for this insanity disc. Becoming this depressed shouldn't be so enjoyable, but somehow Blut Aus Nord allow you to wallow.

Cradle of Filth

Thornography

Roadrunner

Street: 10.17

Cradle of Filth = King Diamond + Marilyn Manson + Dimmu Borgir + creativity



How do you hear that? It's Cradle of Filth, one of the most over rated and so-called "black metal bands" in existence. The bands bio even goes so far to say that the band is the most requested band at Hot Topic (why that would be a good thing I have no idea). Admittedly, the band at their beginning was bearable, CoF's *Dusk and Her Embrace* album was actually slightly enjoyable. As of the last countless albums, they are indistinguishable from each other, the regurgitation factor is huge. If you can honestly tell a difference, please point it out to me. The main factor in deciding why Cradle of Filth is so horrible is that their ideals are bigger than the actual music. They promote themselves as being evil beyond all else. I'm sure you have seen those purposely offensive "Jesus is a Cunt" T-shirts that the band sells alongside their other pointless merchandise. Secondly, the emotion in the music is blatantly absent. Vocalist

Dani Filth goes through the motions and sounds like he is bored doing it. His death growls are some of the most forced ever. If you have liked everything this boring band has produced there is no question you won't start frothing at the mouth from this giant load from Cradle of Crap.

Incantation

Primordial Domination

Ibex Moon Records

Street: 09.05

Incantation = Immolation + Morbid Angel + Krisiun + Diabolic + Possessed

It seems like it was only yesterday that, in huge anticipation I was to go see Cannibal Corpse at club DV8. But no it wasn't my first time seeing the Corpse. I was extremely enthralled because it was supposed to be my first time to seeing long-time favorite Incantation open. I was kicked out before I even got through the door and was told to leave immediately or the police would be called. What a joke! Well a few albums later Incantation have returned after releasing the awesome *Decimate Christendom*. About the only thing that has changed with these kings of mid-paced death metal is their production value. Aside from the fact that each record carries it's anti-Christian/religious sentiment further, enough blast beats to fill your cranium until it bursts and the energy of 30 five-year olds eating pixie sticks. With the new record comes new hope that my chance to see the band will again re-ignite and more death metal, better produced as it may be, will still retain the raw and punishing value that the band has had since their inception.

Khlyst

Chaos is My Name

Hydra Head

Street: 10.24

Khlyst = what you would expect from members of SunnO)) and Khanate

If you are asking yourself "what the hell is this" when listening to this record it is right for you. That said, SunnO))'s *Black One* album is twisted and dark, then along comes this sinister depth charge to blast my unsuspecting ass right out of the fucking water. As for the stellar lineup you James Plotkin dishing out bass that will level your house in two chords or less and SunnO)) vocalist Runhild Gammelsaeter, sounds like he has been possessed by a dark spirit had his throat slit a cheese grater run against his vocal chords and then sewn up. Seriously, these guys must have been fed demon laced Cheerios as kids. Amongst the highly sinister lack of structured guitar work and evil gremlin sounding vocals there are the atmospheric ambient cuts all divided amongst the albums eight chapters. *Chaos is My Name* makes the color black look light. Thriving for that extra bit of sonic murder? Then immerse yourself in Khlyst's dark atmosphere of experimental noise at its finest.

Trivium

The Crusade

Roadrunner

Street: 10.10

Trivium = Metallica + Shadows Fall + As I Lay Dying

When Trivium takes a shit, damn does it stink. Please somebody light a match. *The Crusade* is such a huge step down from what the bands second album, *Ascendancy*, was on every level from production to songwriting and skill. It seems as if the bands vocalist, Matt Heafy, is trying with his hard to sound like James Hetfield and it shows. In essence his vocal strength and lyrical content just got flushed down the old crapper. To make matters worse the entire song structure of the album is scattered and disjointed. Things start going one way and then, oops! there they go the other way. This band could quite easily just have killed their career from going nowhere but up into the bottom of the used CD barrel. The whole thing seems horribly rushed and even more just plain boring. Please with every ounce of your being stay away from *The Crusade*.

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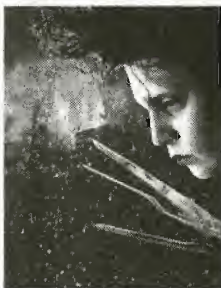
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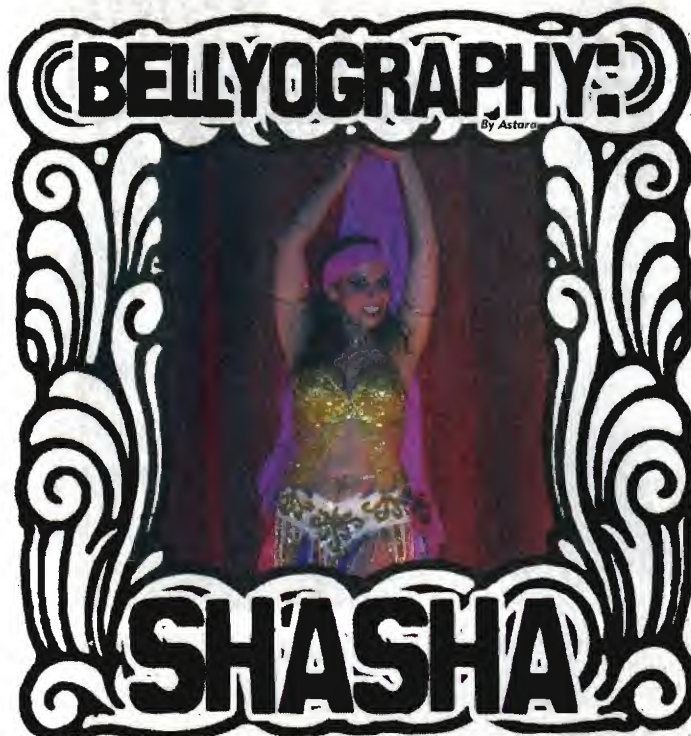
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"I am the daughter of generations past.
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— Ruth St. Denis

Watching Shasha dance is like seeing a vision from 1001 Arabian Nights or observing a dancing priestess from ancient Egypt. She is a beautiful, talented and ethereal being who creates a classical old world essence on stage. Her choreography is intoxicating and joyous. Her persona is seductive, sensuous and playful. A deep inner beauty shines on her audiences and enhances her dynamic solos. When Shasha dances, she lights up the stage with her presence.

Shasha, a native Utahn, grew up in Salt Lake City. Her ravishing Mediterranean beauty is a gift from her Italian mother and her French/Portuguese father. With no previous dance training, she began belly dancing at age 18. "I had pulled into a Rainbow gas station and just happened to look across the street. It was the old Kismet studio on 9th East, and there was a sign advertising belly dance classes in the window. I knew I had to do that," she said.

Shasha began her training with Kismet, then went on to study for eight years with Ravonda and also danced in Veiled Visions. It was there that she met Katya and Virrina, and the three of them created Whirlwinds of Brogla. They have been dancing together for the past four years, are very close friends and are one of the mainstays of the belly dance community. Shasha has also been a regular performer at the Beledi of Boise where she watched Delilah dance, and attended her workshops. It is Delilah's earthy, sensuous and passionate style that inspired Shasha's solo work. "I really love Egyptian cabaret because of the sparkles and glamour, but I also love Turkish [dance]. It has more freedom and movement. I come from a very shy and quiet family, and I often find it difficult to express my feelings with words; it is very easy and natural to communicate my deepest feelings through dance. My solo work is always improvised. I just love to feel the music and let it move me." Shasha said.

Offstage, Shasha is a wife, mother of two and an automobile technician. This gorgeous, ultra-feminine woman and her husband rebuild car engines! She is quite remarkable, and although she is quiet and unassuming offstage, she has a fabulous smile that would melt any ice cap. She has nothing to be shy about. Shasha, a naturally gifted dancer, has evolved into an adept professional artist with a tantalizing and sweetly seductive articulation of the dance. "Belly dancing became a way for me to find something out about myself. I had to dig deep to get there. I still get stage fright before every performance, but everyone gets butterflies—I just try to teach my butterflies to fly in formation," she said.

Come see Shasha perform at Café Med the last Thursday of every month and once a month at the Grecian Gardens and Cruzers. She will also be dancing at Spring Fest in March 2007.

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IDEAL CD REVIEWS



Charlie Don't Surf

Charlie Don't Surf

Point It! Records

Street: September 2006

Charlie Don't Surf = Agent Orange + Reverend Horton Heat + Motorhead

Taking their name from one of the most boring songs that The Clash ever wrote, Charlie Don't Surf deliver a straight-up rock n' roll sound with traces of surf and hardcore that's sure to invoke many a bar fight. This eight song EP opens up with the strutting surfiness of "Lonely Snowboarder," then beats you over the head repeatedly with the aggressive and cool "Punching Bag." The rapid-fire vocals of "Goonie" and the heaviness of "Flatlight" were enough to have my head rocking back and forth and sending my fist into the air in a public library. I almost let myself play along on air-guitar to one of the many ripping solos featured on this EP, and since it's such a quick listen it lends itself well to multiple listens in a single sitting. Charlie Don't Surf have a highly-infectious and very fun sound that'll make you want to get up and break a pool cue over someone's head, but in a good way. —Ricky Vigil

Grant Olsen

Waterland

Ape Island Records

Street: 11.01

Grant Olsen = Adem (solo) + Catherine Eve

Grant Olsen's *Waterland* is the manifestation of homemade — in form and sound. As you reach for the equalizer to turn down the 4-track fuzzing bass, Grant of Provo sets out his initial personal tale of emotional and spiritual disenfranchisement, arcing from baptism to estrangement. Later, a subtle sampled sound of a ticking clock finishes the concept, and frames the exodus in track/chapter four. The great majority of this record is a lazy, wavering voice over an acoustic guitar, with an occasional simple harmony or string arrangement, detailing songs of woe for those running to or from meaning. The songwriting is basic and straightforward with rarely more than four guitar chords per track — leaving little room for contrast. However, certain chord progressions are made intentionally recognizable to heighten the listener's nostalgia, and thus, insert the listener's experience as contrast. —Josh Nordin

The Middle Distance

From Inside

Young @ Heart Records

Street: 08.06

The Middle Distance = Gamelace + Farside + Seaweed + Sensefield

Coming from bands like Interstate and Sandkicker, The Middle Distance have quite the heritage. Every time Geoff Rickly and Thursday come to town, Rickly can't help but mention how they used to play with Sandkicker back in the day and gives the deceased band props. Both Sandkicker and Interstate had, from what I remember, a

pretty healthy following and played a lot of shows and it was because their music was good. Though TMD has pieces of both of these bands, it doesn't seem to help much. *From Inside* is the first full-length from these fellows though they have been playing since 2002 and it doesn't get the job done. The vocals, though not necessarily bad, seem more misplaced than anything and don't seem to fit with the music at several different points throughout the album. The other problem is how each track seems to drag on and on and doesn't end until you start to wonder "Is this still the same song?" This leads us to the next issue: there's not enough variation in the tracks or the vocals to separate one song from the next. As a whole, *From Inside* isn't as bad as this review makes it sound. The real problem lies in the fact that it's just not that good. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Roy Fell

Ogden River

Self-Released

Street: 09.10

Roy Fell = Hasil Atkins + Hank Williams Sr. + Johnny Horton

If there are any real honky tonkers in Utah then Roy Fell has to be king of them all. This little four-track record comes through with honesty and humor the way a country boy could. Although these recordings are rough, and Roy's vocals almost disappear in mix at times, it's still easy to tell that Roy has one hell of a lonely howl on him. The record stays close to home with songs like "Utah Women," and "Ogden River." On the final track "Nobody Likes Me" Roy displays that good ol' boy humor of his and unless you're to up tight you'll be rolling on the floor at his country wit. We may not live in Nashville, but with country pickers like Roy kicking around, true traditional country will always have home here. —James Orme

SKINT

Falling To Decay

Self Released

Street: 08.01

SKINT = Against All Authority + The Unseen

Who would have thought that SKINT would improve so much after accidentally discovering a new lead singer, whose only formal training as a front man involved drunken karaoke? If you heard this band in the past and wrote them off as another shitty punk band, it's high time you gave them another listen. *Falling To Decay* is a politically-charged punk album with a razor-sharp edge. The vocals are crisp, the lyrics to the songs well-constructed and the band's composition is tighter than ever. My favorite songs on the album were "Waste," "They Lie" and "Go Down Fighting". SKINT is great and I'd bet if they keep writing new material and don't end up opening for every punk show that rolls through town, they won't have the misfortune of burning out early like so many decent local punk bands do. —Jeanette Moses

Art of Kanly

A Callous Heart Beats On

Sound vs. Silence

Street: 05.16

Art of Kanly = Himsa + Arkangel + Integrity

It helps that brothers Tyler and Travis Lindsey already have the bond that many bands strive to achieve obviously showing on *A Callous Heart Beats On*. Nevertheless the chemistry of all instruments between the every band members works, as it should, great. Art of Kanly do well at coming up with some catchy tunes for playing a tried and true metalcore style. I can picture all the local hardcore and metal fans circling and moshing to the concocted styling of breakdowns high-pitched screams and seamless slides. It may not be the greatest thing since sliced bread but it is heavy and the pacing keeps things entertaining. Get your mosh-aerobics done with a lesson from Art of Kanly. —Bryer Wharton

Pagan Dead

Spondalia

Stygan Realm Records

Street: 09.17

Pagan Dead = Demented Are Go + Bane Metalik + Cannibal Corpse

The Pagan Dead have been terrorizing the country side for awhile now. Their first record *Mors Ian Va Vitae Et Vita Iana Mortis* struck fear in our hearts and mind, and let the underground world know just how dark and harsh psychobilly could get. It even further proved how original and depraved a band from Salt Lake could be. After hitting the road as hard hell with the Hellbats and numerous other bands, the Pagan Dead bring us *Spondalia*, a record that further delves into the dark realms than their previous efforts. "House by the Cemetery" has got to be the best Pagan Dead song to date. With vocals that scare animals away, new axe man Anubis's heavy dirge like guitar and grinding rhythm changes this record pushes the band into new territory musically. They attack still. Christianity, they still use audio clips from obscure horror movies to set the tone. These guy and gal are really doing something different than just falling to the usual molds that are so easy to get trapped in. Looking for something scary, original, and fun look no further than the Pagan Dead. —James Orme

LOCA

James Bennett bennett.james.m@gmail.com

This month's Localized will feature **Glacial** and **Evolver**, with **Charlie Don't Surf** kicking off the evening of **Friday, Nov. 10th** at the **Urban Lounge**.

Glacial is made up of **Taylor Williams** on vocals and guitar and **Daryl McLaren** on bass with **Mike "Lickster" Morgan** on second guitar and **AP** playing drums and acting as sound engineer. **AP**, or **Andy Patterson** took the place of **Drew Smith**, who died a few months ago from an undiagnosed heart problem.

The death of a band member might have caused a lesser band to close up shop, but **Drew's** passing ended up being an inspiration—resulting in a wave of creativity for the other members of the band. "Drew would have wanted us to continue," Taylor said.

Mike added, "He would have been mad as hell if we stopped playing because of him." The transition was aided by the fact that Glacial had just finished laying down several tracks with **Drew** for a new album. The excitement of recording new material carried the band through what had to be difficult times.

"We recorded seven songs with **Drew** shortly before his death. It is easily our best material, and a large part of that was due to his skills as a musician. These seven songs will be



coming out soon. I am glad that they are documented so that **Drew** can share his talent with the world," Taylor said.

So what do they sound like? The members of Glacial are influenced by both current and classic rock bands. Taylor's early guitar style was influenced heavily by **Black Sabbath** and **Led Zeppelin**. The band **Failure** was also a large influence, as was the DIY spirit of bands like **Hot Snakes** and **Drive Like Jehu**. The DIY punk spirit was also a huge inspiration to Mike, who comes from a jazz and classical music background. Other band members cited similar influences, and their sound is very much a reflection of all of this inspiration.

Their plans for the future are realistic. They have no "rock star ambitions" and see no need to "spend all day sending out promo packets." They do hope to continue putting out solid music and playing shows locally. And if school and professional schedules permit, they would love to tour the West Coast and the surrounding states. Glacial is a "very gratifying experience—an easy band to be in." They play really loud and rock very hard (even with combo amps).

Several of their new songs are available for download at www.myspace.com/glacial. Be on the outlook for a self-titled, full length release in the next few months.

GLACIAL

LIZED

The current lineup for Evolver has been playing together for about nine months. They are **Steve Valdeen** on guitar and lead vocals, **Alyson Valdeen** on keyboard and percussion, **Chad Walker** (don't call him Texas Ranger) on bass and **Chris Felch** on drums.

As I met with Steve and Chris, it quickly became apparent that they were fans of all types of music. When I asked which bands and musicians were the biggest influence on their sound, they rattled off a list of inspirations far too diverse and complete to print in this column. Suffice it to say their music is wide in its focus, drawing inspiration from sources as diverse as the **Beatles**, **REM**, **Cat Power** and **Motown**. They are really open to everything. Steve pointed out, "It would be sad to only have one band or style to emulate." As the conversation continued, I figured out it would be easier to categorize Evolver by listing what types of music didn't influence them. I was able to zero in on their non-influences: shitty R&B, bad hip-hop, modern country, and **Styx**. Styx? I was really starting to like these guys.

So what would a band drawing inspiration from almost all music sound like? According to Chris, people usually describe it as "classic rock with a twinge of grunge." This makes sense with the band's healthy fixation on the Beatles and Chris' personal love for the **Jesus Lizard** and **Slint**.



Steve agreed and added, "Our sound is a mixture of art damage, garage and pop—with a sprinkling of glam, kind of a chewy hard candy with a soft center. Real shake-your-ass-music, in the **ACDC** shake-your-ass kind of way." This description pairs well with something Steve said later. When trying to describe what good music is he said, "The best music is diverse. It has soul—both testosterone fueled soul and estrogen fueled soul. There is a balance."

As for future plans, Evolver is looking forward to going into the studio. They are always working on new material and would be happy playing more shows and even touring at some point. They want to continue to progress as a band and to capture the variety of musical influences that each member brings to the mix. They're open to new ideas and would love to recruit a second guitarist. They see the band as a chance to write solid and

meticulous music and to "really bash it out." Can they pull it off? Come out and see for yourself on November 10th. Just don't play Styx in the car on the way to the show, or ever, for that matter.



EVOLVER

Bring in the Noise. Bring in the Roasted Manager. An Interview with

NOISE



by Andrew Glassett andrew@sluggo.com

WOLF EYES



Wolf Eyes isn't a political band. The members aren't vegans, nor are they polygamists, fashionistas, communists, anti-fascists, straight-edge or extremists in any way. Their overriding philosophies in life have nothing to do with violence but are more rooted in the importance of family and moderation of the finer things in life. It's ironic that such a mantra would come from a band that has produced some of the most extreme and unapproachable music in the market today. They have no formal musical training, but several fine arts degrees and years of experimentation under their belt. Nathan Young screams and growls, John Olson plays sax and various circuit boxes and Mike Connelly batters guitars and effects pedals. They have hundreds of releases, mostly on CDRs and tapes, and two full-length albums were released on Sub Pop. Their most recent album is called *Human Animal* and they're touring across the United States and Canada giving their audiences a large dose of abstract noise expressionism.

SLUG: Is a Wolf Eyes tour any different than a normal rock band's tour?

Nate Young: It would be similar to a very unpopular rock band's tour.

SLUG: What is the significance of the title of your newest album, *Human Animal*?

NY: Really, it is just as simple as it sounds; it is a really obvious elaboration on how we have been working and sleeping in buses, living like animals. It is hard to explain—there is a theme and a point and a story, but none of it is clear. We knew that it was what it was supposed to be called and we went with it. There are two sides to the album and the story unfolds as you listen to it, even though it may not be that clear what the story is about.

SLUG: How did your relationship with Sub Pop begin?

NY: They were doing the Michael Yonkers reissue and were thinking of other albums to release. A good friend of ours jokingly told them that they should do a Wolf Eyes LP; they laughed a little and then Andy Kotawitz [sales director of Sub Pop] came to our show and that's that. He's from Michigan, too, so I think that is part of it.

SLUG: How did using feedback as an instrument come about?

NY: It's just frequency. I grew up bending circuits and making my own instruments. You could say that I grew up in an open, creative environment and my parents were hippies, but I think it had more to do with my social environment. My friends and I smoked a lot of weed and while we were really bored, we would bang around on instruments until they would resonate in our fuckin' fingernails. Eventually, it became imperative to force an instrument to do what you wanted it to do. I would cross wires until I got something that sounded like the effect I wanted. The

band started when I made a loop tape of Paul Winter's song, "Wolf Eyes", with some accompanying noise and feedback. I put a piece of tape over the erase head and re-recorded the wolf howling over and over and over until there was a cacophony of howling.

SLUG: What brings about your vocal style?

NY: Without trying to sound theoretical, it is a process of weeding through the frequencies and deciding what pattern of words will make the music what it needs to be. I don't have set lyrics and it changes from night to night. I don't need to publish what I am finding, but each song has a definite narrative to an idea or feeling. I'm interested in the possibility of vocals and not what they actually sound like. I want what I do to get in your head and mess with what you think is good composition.

SLUG: There isn't a lot on the web about you guys? What gives?

John Olson: We have never made our own Wolf Eyes site, nor will we ever. Sub Pop hooked up a Myspace page, but I couldn't tell you what it looks like. We hate the fact that everything is available. We think people should use their imagination. I hate information more than anything. I can't stand the Internet, e-mail, Ebay; everything that is instant gratification. I am old school; I don't want to be contacted and have everything known about me. The music should stand for itself. The new album doesn't have an iota of information in it. That's our stance.

SLUG: Where does this stance come from?

JO: I am a big record collector and back in the day you would hear about records and you may never, ever see them. You may never even see the cover. When you met someone that had heard it, you soaked them for all it was worth. That is how I grew up; mythical records were the most amazing records ever and when you actually heard them, they sounded like they were made in a mystery tunnel. *Mystic Season*, *Rising Storm*, *The End Decks*... all these bands that had little or no information about them. The music sounds like it was created in a void. And I am not trying to sound romantic or anything; I just don't like information.

The members of Wolf Eyes are sincere lovers of music. They may not have a stance on political matters or the state of the world, but their music is an obvious protest to the current state of the music industry. They don't allow their music to be a regurgitation of their peers and the noise they produce is an alarm clock to anyone who's become comfortable in defining music one way. Their dramatic and bombastic live performance is one that can quite literally change the world and shouldn't be missed. (*Urban Lounge*, 11.17)



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Photo Credit: Bob Plumb

2006 SLUG GAMES Winner Bode Merrill

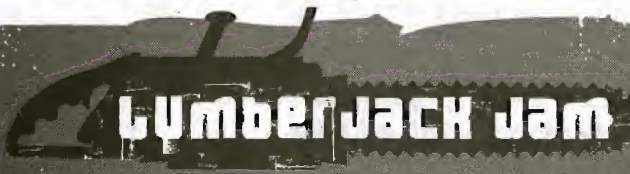


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SLUG GAMES



**SATURDAY, FEB 10
AT BRIGHTON**



**SATURDAY, MAR 17
AT BRIGHTON**

MIKE BROWN PRESENTS

LISA
LOEB
★★ VS ★★
SCOTTY
OF SKID ROW



MIKEBROWN048@HOTMAIL.COM

I fucking hate doing interviews. It can be frustrating for both the interviewer and interviewee to articulate an unintimate conversation between two people who don't know each other overseen by a cheap Sony tape recorder.

I'm going to treat every interview I do from here on out like I'm going to war. Think of your subject as an enemy, research their weaknesses and exploit them if you can.

An opportunity arose for me to interview one-hit-wonder Lisa Loeb, better known as "that chick with the glasses." Little did I know Lisa Loeb has been trained for such verbal combat and launched a counterattack that almost left me out of ammo.

I did gain a newfound respect for Lisa, or the Loebster, as I like to call her. Read the interview and decide for yourself.

SLUG: Are you friends with anyone from *Reality Bites*?

Lisa: Yeah, Ethan Hawke, but I don't see him a lot.

SLUG: What about Jeanine Garafalo?

Lisa: I've met her before but I haven't spoken to her as much.

SLUG: Really? Do you and Janine not get along because she kind of bites your style?

Lisa: Well, not really; just because I made a song in the movie doesn't mean that I'm friends with the people in the movie.

SLUG: I was thinking that you should make your own h'our d'ouvres and call them "Reality Bites." If you did what would they taste like?

Lisa: Hmm. Sounds like something that would taste really bad. Dwizzle Zappa and I used to make up fake ice cream flavors and one was "Vanilla Smoke," which is vanilla ice cream with an ash tray dumped in it.

SLUG: Do you have any good recipes for pot brownies?

Lisa: No.

SLUG: OK, well I was thinking of starting my own band and calling it the Lisa Loeb-trotters. Would that be ok with you?

Lisa: That's totally fine; what kind of music would you play?

SLUG: We'd be a jazz band, but like a *Utah Jazz* band and all the songs would be about basketball. It would be like a musical, and if we get big enough, you could come by and coach.

Lisa: Perfect. You could put it on ice.

SLUG: My girlfriend is like one of your biggest fans, and one time we had one of those weird conversations that was like, "If you were stuck on a desert island and could only take one song with you, what song would it be..." that sort of conversation, and she said that she would take the song, "Stay," and she knows every word to it. Should I break up with her?

Lisa: Uh, no, definitely stay with her.

SLUG: Ok, well if I ever caught my girlfriend cheating on me, would you go out with me to make her jealous? Because that would be, like, the ultimate revenge date.

Lisa: You know what, I will not go out with you to make her jealous; I'm sorry. That's a bad way to start things.

SLUG: Well, yeah, but that wouldn't be the only reason we'd go out.

Lisa: You know, if she's cheating on you in front of you, you probably don't want to be with her anyway.

SLUG: Well, I don't think she's cheating on me yet. So my girlfriend wanted to know, if I cheated on her, would you go out with her?

Lisa: Um, we might be able to go out, but not romantically. We could go hang out and talk about it.

SLUG: So what happens when the glasses come off?

Lisa: Time for bed.

SLUG: Have you ever seen Ray Charles's house?

Lisa: Uh, only what they showed on TV.

SLUG: You have?

Lisa: Just on the movie.

SLUG: You totally ruined my joke; let's try this again.

Lisa: I'm sorry.

SLUG: Have you ever seen Ray Charles's house?

Lisa: No.

SLUG: Neither has he!

Do you have any questions for me or SLUG magazine?

This is where Lisa turns the tables. She asks me what my life dreams are. She seemed so sincere about her questions that I almost felt bad for wanting to name my new band the Lisa Loeb-trotters. I won't waste your time with the details.

After the interview was over I was hanging around the SLUG office and Editor Eric starts freaking out because Hessian Marie was supposed to do an interview with the original Skid Row guitarist, Scottie. I told them that I would do the interview but would ask him the Lisa Loeb Questions.

SLUG: I'm going to start a band called the Lisa Loeb-trotters, is that OK with you?

Scotty: You're going to start a band? I think that's great. I think you should play the Scotty Hill Bang Hits, in Basketball.

SLUG: Scotty Hill Bong Hits?

Scotty: Yeah, that's my Basket ball team; we could play the Lisa Loeb Globe trotters or whatever.

SLUG: My girlfriend is your biggest fan and once told me if she was stuck on a desert island and could only have one song she would have the song, "Stay." Should I dump her?

Scotty: Well, I think you need a mistress with a little heavier taste.

SLUG: Have you ever seen Ray Charles's house?

Scotty: No.

SLUG: Neither has he! (Laughter) Lisa Loeb totally ruined that joke, man.

If you made an h'our d'oeuvre and called it "Reality Bites," what would it taste like?

Scotty: It would probably be me going out in my yard, picking up some of what my dog leaves behind and wrapping it up in a tortilla shell.

SLUG: Do you have any good recipes for pot brownies?

Scotty: Na, but if anybody does they can send them to my mspace page.

URBAN LOUNGE

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NOV. 2007



Photo: Jamie Clyde

Fri 3- Exene Cervenka and the Original Sinners, Knuckle Draggers, 7 Shot Screamer

Sat 4- SLC Derby Girls Recruitment Party featuring SPORK

Tues 7- Jamie Lidell, Lapsed, Snax, Non Non

Wed 8- PROZAC TURNER of Foreign Legion, MS DOS, Blue Collar Theory

Thur 9- Lazerfang, The Rubes, Boy Scout

Fri 10- SLUG Localized: Glacial, Evolver, Charlie Don't Surf

Sat 11- PIT ER PAT, Tolchock trio, Taught me

Sun 12- Phsyic Paramount

Tues 14- Gil Mantera's Party Dream, Grand Buffet, RODEO BOYS scriv-warren B-DAY BASH

Wed 15- Red BENNIES, GREEN MILK FROM PLANET ORANGE, PANDA AND ANGEL

Fri 17- Wolf Eyes, Vile Blue Shades

Sat 18- STARMY, HELLO AMSTERDAM, SPORK

Sun 19- Danava, Wolfs

Tues 21- Cabaret Voltage

Sat 25- Jim Bone And the Dig, Salty Frogs

Wed 29- Echoes and Soundscapes

Haight!
Haight!
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DVD REVIEW TECHNIQUE PRESENTS= LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

BY: PETER PANHANDLER



This DVD is tough as hell. Literally. When I got my copy from **R.J.**, I promptly ripped away the shrink wrap. I then proceeded to lose a game of horse shoes. I then violently threw the DVD against the wall of the house. The shit didn't even pop out of its now cracked case. I then tried to skate home intoxicated. I fell Superman-style, both arms in front of me. I ripped open the plastic on the case but the DVD remained inside as I skidded across the pavement.

Kyle Wilcox made a dope ass DVD. **Technique** is located somewhere in Egypt, I mean West Jordan. Their team is chock full of talent suprising me with a few of the guys I had never heard of (always a plus). The friends section is full of heavy hitters. I even saw my buddy **Matt Kreigel** in there.

Cy Bickmore with a cool wallie boardslide shuv out. Nollie front board to fakie on a large rail. **Holland** kick flip hill bomb (where

the footy of 13 so. rail to hill bomb). **Rocky Hudson** aka **R.J.** with a gangster ledge manual assault. **Moses** and **Gianchetta**, you know it don't get no betta. Is **Eric Plummer** from Utah because he rips? Little kids with red hair are scary just like **CHUCKY**. **Zach Silver** definitely gets his. **Colin Brophy** has the best pop-shuv in town. **Caleb Orton** delivers the goods like UPS.

Jordan Williams gets his very own paragraph. He is the **Patrick Swayze** of skating (choice of music). Holy butter balls, he has style for days. I wish I was tall too. I was wondering where all this guy's footage was. Give this dude a major sponsorship right away.

Sam Hubble is a gremlin. Do not feed him after midnight or get him wet. Sammy is the shit. Long krooked pop over to car stop. Rainbow pole jammer. Buy the DVD just for the last two parts, period.

RANDOM NEWS FROM THE SKATE WORLD

BY: PETER PANHANDLER
PETERPANHANDLER@SLUGMAG.COM

It's official- I am now hated by people who have AIDS for my little joke last month. Sorry, I have a dark sense of humor. Ever heard of an AIDS bomb? I didn't vote for **Bush** and don't stand behind senators who molest little kids. Sound familiar? Vote for **Ashdown**, not the security leak freaks. This is the **APOCALYPSE!**

A certain unnamed snowbro (he skates too and is my friend) called in last month to bag on my 50-50 cracks on snow culture. It's too bad he didn't deny that you guys really were having a bandana ironing party. All your sponsors (a.k.a. your mom and dad) are not down with the 50-50s. Oh yeah, you still owe me 80 dollars. Keep it- buy yourself some more bandanas or G-Unit kicks (it's just a joke kids).

Adam Dyet and **Mark White** are out in Cali on a filming mission. Heard they're bringing home a pet **Lizard**. Check out the new **Grindline Skateparks** DVD if you want to figure out what a skatepark is for. It is the shit.

Visiting guests to Salt Lake last month were **Richie Belton** (the sickest), **Erik Ellington**, **Baker Beagle**, **Flip**, **Andrew Mapstone** and the **Mystery Team**. **Tully** and **Lindsey Robertson** stopped by SLC to pick up the new **Will Smith** CD. **Lindsey** really likes to get jiggy with it. REMEMBER, in this cycle of brainwashing, entertainment is the detergent.



PHOTO: BOB PLUMB

BACKSIDE AIR/ JASON (JERSEY) TAYLOR

THE RISING SON: AN INTERVIEW WITH CHRISTIAN



BY PETER PANHANDLER

PETERPANHANDLER@SLUGMAG.COM

I myself am not a man of faith, but in this life I know there are consequences. I had the pleasure this past month of interviewing one of my childhood idols Christian Hosoi. Christian is a man of faith and has been very humbled by the path he has taken in life. I have not heard too many people talk with the same conviction that this man has. I walked away after this interview with a strong opinion of who this guy has become. I also can identify with him. It is never too late in life to change yourself for the better and don't ever let anybody tell you otherwise.

Christian Hosoi is the definition of cool. Christian was born cool, from his early grommet years at Marina Del Rey Skatepark in the 70s when he used to worship the now legendary Z-Boy Shogo Kubo for his half-Asian descent and smooth style. Christian was gung-ho on his board from day one, being one of the first kids ever to drop out of school in pursuit of his skateboard dream. Christian was also the first one blasting big airs even in his tender years. Christian went professional in his early teens.

In the 80s, Christian became the undisputed king of style—both on and off his skateboard. He was the man to beat and started an early childhood rivalry with Tony Hawk which lasted for almost two decades. These guys literally went head-to-head in every contest they entered. Tony had the endless bag of tricks. Christian had style for days and the best 540 known to man. Christian also had a huge fan following, mostly consisting of hot chicks.

Christian was the first full on rock-star status skater. He could be found fraternizing with celebrities and V.I.P. anywhere in the world—all before legal drinking age. He is the only skater ever to wear Spandex and hair extensions without getting his ass kicked. He set fashion trends into motion for the mainstream, which is now commonplace for everyone to look like they skate. This guy had more flair than every pro skater nowadays combined. Greco, DJ Chavez, Boulala, Ellington etc. all bite this guys shit. He was the original.

As we all know, every hero has his tragic downfall. Christian's was being introduced to the drug SPEED. During this time, Christian was one of the highest paid pros out there. Like most addicts, it was a slow process getting fully addicted, but eventually it turned into huge downward spiral. Christian ended up losing everything he had become. No sponsors, no fans, no tours and most of all no respect from others or for himself.

Christian completely disappeared from the skate scene in the late 90s. In early 2000, he was caught with over a pound of crystal meth at the Honolulu Airport. In prison, he found God and the Bible. Christian was baptized and married while incarcerated. He was released in June, 2004. His ten year sentence was shortened due to support and appeals from his family and friends in the skate industry. A ton of donations for his legal funds helped immensely.

I got to speak to Hosoi fresh off his tour with the Quicksilver team. They were out promoting

his new documentary "Rising Son: The Legend of Skateboarder Christian Hosoi". He graciously sent us copy of the DVD. It is a must-see for any skater no matter your age. The DVD has some great rare footage of the good old days. It should be out a little later this month. It is also narrated by Dennis Hopper.

Christian has something relevant to tell all skaters, especially the ones coming up in the industry. "They can identify with me because I've been through what they've been through. I've experienced not living a life for God. Now I'm living a life for God. I've been to prison and I've been addicted to drugs. I have been a pro-skater, owned my own company and traveled the world."

As for what else Christian has been up to, it's been nothing but work. He has recently revamped his old board and wheel company. "It's been awesome how everything came together and Chicken (Barrett Deck) is my business partner. We started our own distribution company called Fundamental. We'll be distributing all of our own stuff like Hosoi SK8, Rocket Wheels and a sub-company called Pocket Pistols. There will be more stuff to come so things have been going good," Christian said. A team video is in the works with some serious heavy hitters on the squad. "We're creatively working on it now," Christian replies.

I asked Christian if there was a direct correlation with his team and Christianity. Basically are they trying to sell Jesus? "I just happen to be a Christian who started his own board company back up. We, as people, are trying to spread a message but as a company we're just trying to be real skaters. It's not about trying to be a Christian company," Hosoi remarks. Being a Christian is not a prerequisite to ride for one of the companies, but I'm sure it couldn't hurt on your job application.


Christian on faith? "I'm into people who are 100-percent sold out for who they are and what they believe in. That is how I am as a skater, a person and in my faith. That's what I think people are looking for, people that are real," Christian says. Lizard King and Richie Belton were present while I was having this conversation. The two parties exchanged "what up's" and Lizard a "fuck yeah." I was wondering if Christian even knows who these guys are. Ironically, God is on one side, Satan on the other.

When I asked Christian about the next generation of skaters he had only one name to mention. "There is this eight year old kid named Patrick Ryan who is phenomenal. He is into the history of skating. He rides ramps, skates street but loves pool skating. I think it's interesting to see a kid come from where I did. I'm from a skate park generation. He is definitely one of the new kids on the block."

What about the mega-ramp jump? "Of course when I saw it, I knew that's what I had to do. Since being out of prison, I've been injured. That's what I'm working towards, plus competitions," says Hosoi. Christian has been plagued with a knee injury and is currently about 65 percent recovered.

Damn, this was an honor. Christian has two sons Rhythm and Classic with his wife, Jennifer. He is also an outreach pastor at the "Sanctuary" in Huntington Beach. He is trying to do something positive in this world full of crap. I told him I would check it out when I was in the area. We exchanged "God blesses and goodbyes." I hung up the phone wondering, "Did I just say that?"





WORDS BY SHAWN MAYER
PHOTOS: MIKE EICHORN
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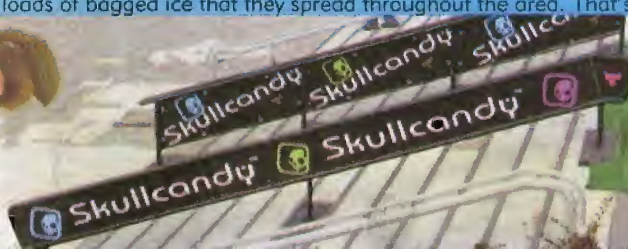
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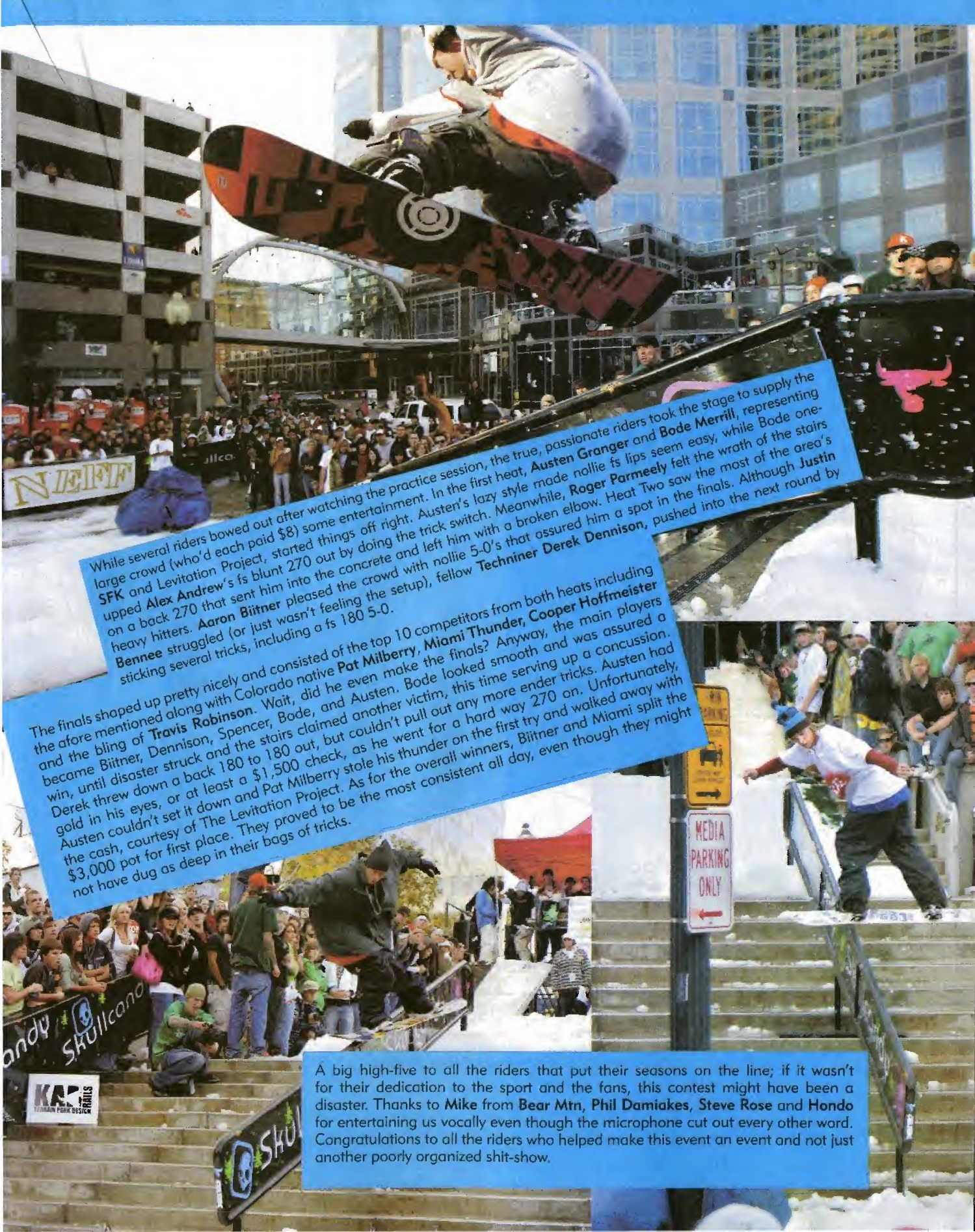


On Saturday, Oct. 14th, Roksteady Entertainment, along with Levitation Project, SLUG, Nomis, Decade and others, held the Blue Ribbon Jibbin' Rail Jam at the Gallivan Center in downtown Salt Lake. What promised to be a day of booze, handrails, free product and who's who of the Utah snowboard scene didn't exactly turn out as planned but still supplied the audience with thrills and plenty of schwag.

Around 11 a.m., we arrived to help our friends from Smith Optics unpack their boxes and setup their tent. Being among the first to arrive, we reserved a prime location directly behind the drop-in to the rail, perfect for viewing the riders crammed in a tent, with no actual view of the setup at all. Apparently, the night before was still affecting our judgment; however, it appeared that we weren't the only ones. The coordinators of the rail jam were also confused about how the event should be organized. What was supposed to be a pro & amateur contest with several rails and 40,000 pounds of snow, turned out to be an amateur jam on a single down-rail with maybe 400 pounds of snow. It just so happens that when the event was being planned somebody misjudged the time it would take to make the amount of snow using bags of ice and a wood chipper—not to mention the setbacks that occurred every five minutes when the chipper became jammed. They would have been better off with the Snoopy Snow Cone maker.

When the rail was finally ready around 4:30ish (an hour after the contest should have started) practice began. It was at this time that everybody got a taste of just how sketchy this setup really was. The first problem occurred with the drop-in. It steered the riders away from the rail. Once the riders figured out how to approach the rail, their main concern became the landing, as the wood chipper had broken down and only left behind a thin cover of snow. After several bad crashes, due to the lack of a landing, the maintenance crew came to the rescue with a few more loads of bagged ice that they spread throughout the area. That's right—ice cubes took the place of snow.





While several riders bowed out after watching the practice session, the true, passionate riders took the stage to supply the large crowd (who'd each paid \$8) some entertainment. In the first heat, **Austen Granger** and **Bode Merrill**, representing SFK and Levitation Project, started things off right. Austen's lazy style made nollie fs lips seem easy, while Bode one-upped **Alex Andrew's** fs blunt 270 out by doing the trick switch. Meanwhile, **Roger Parmelee** felt the wrath of the stairs on a back 270 that sent him into the concrete and left him with a broken elbow. Heat Two saw the most of the area's heavy hitters. **Aaron Bittner** pleased the crowd with nollie 5-0's that assured him a spot in the finals. Although **Justin Bennee** struggled (or just wasn't feeling the setup), fellow **Techniner** **Derek Dennison**, pushed into the next round by sticking several tricks, including a fs 180 5-0.

The finals shaped up pretty nicely and consisted of the top 10 competitors from both heats including the afore mentioned along with Colorado native **Pat Milberry**, **Miami Thunder**, **Cooper Hoffmeister** and the bling of **Travis Robinson**. Wait, did he even make the finals? Anyway, the main players became Bittner, Dennison, Spencer, Bode, and Austen. Bode looked smooth and was assured a win, until disaster struck and the stairs claimed another victim, this time serving up a concussion. **Derek** threw down a back 180 to 180 out, but couldn't pull out any more ender tricks. Austen had gold in his eyes, or at least a \$1,500 check, as he went for a hard way 270 on. Unfortunately, Austen couldn't set it down and **Pat Milberry** stole his thunder on the first try and walked away with the cash, courtesy of The Levitation Project. As for the overall winners, Bittner and Miami split the \$3,000 pot for first place. They proved to be the most consistent all day, even though they might not have dug as deep in their bags of tricks.

A big high-five to all the riders that put their seasons on the line; if it wasn't for their dedication to the sport and the fans, this contest might have been a disaster. Thanks to **Mike** from **Bear Mtn**, **Phil Damiakes**, **Steve Rose** and **Hondo** for entertaining us vocally even though the microphone cut out every other word. Congratulations to all the riders who helped make this event an event and not just another poorly organized shit-show.

SEGREGATION IS WRONG

seg're'ga'tion

[seg-ri-gey-shuhn]—noun

1. the act or practice of segregating.
2. the state or condition of being segregated: the segregation of private clubs.
3. something segregated.
4. Genetics. the separation of allelic genes into different gametes during meiosis.

Racial segregation is characterized by separation of people of different races in daily life when both are doing equal tasks, such as eating in a restaurant, drinking from a water fountain, using a rest room, attending school, going to the movies, or in the rental or purchase of a home.

Segregation may be *de jure* (Latin, meaning "by law")—mandated by law—or *de facto* (also Latin, meaning "in fact"); *de facto* segregation may exist even illegally.

FUCK



ALTA



LEVITATION

NOT JUST FOR BIRDS AND BUDDHA



The leaves are turning, the air is thinning, the breeze is blowing, and the times are changing, not only with the seasons, but within the action sports community itself. Nico Melendez, founder and chief cinematographer for the Levitation Project, worked as a wild land firefighter and EMT for six years before starting the movement encompassing music, clothing, magazines, action sports sponsorship and movies. "I was working in a hospital for a long time and I worked around people whose time ran out on a daily basis. I re-evaluated my life due to that experience," Nico admits. "I saved up my money and drew a business plan for a company filled with passionate people who do it because they love it." With years of involvement in the local snowboard industry as a sponsored athlete, his titles range from industry rep to contest promoter, photographer, cinematographer and editor.

The Levitation Project is his brain-child. Since its culmination in 2004, the Levitation skeleton staff has been putting together a well-respected

team of photographers, music editors, graphic designers, illustration artists, web designers and athletes. They're not just trying to create a steady income; they want to make jobs for people who hold allegiance to this particular culture and community, jobs for kids who mow lawns for five months straight just so they can buy a season pass, jobs for their remarkably talented peers who have worked as roofers and plumbers their whole lives, but have always had something more to offer given the right place to grow. "Fuck the rules and start a movement, make jobs for your friends," states Nico. The Levitation Project hasn't even launched their website yet, however, they're still getting plugged 40 times a day by people and places all over the world. The growing staff will be 100% local Utahans.

The Levitation Project offers a full apparel line catering to skiers, snowboarders and skateboarders (soon to include surfers). Each individual within the LP staff has been key to the success of many of the industry's

THE LEVITATION PROJECT REVEALED

Special Levitation Project Photos: Bob Plumb



leading companies. They have joined together to become one team devoted to representing the ski and snowboard culture the way it was intended. They produce their own music, films, graphics and clothing. In short, they stand as a self-sufficient local company with a international vision and aim who is visibly kicking some mega-ass.

On Thursday November 30th, the Levitation Project website will launch (www.thelevitationproject.com). LP has hired one of the finest and most passionate web designers in Salt Lake [Chris Kelly] to come up with an interactive website that gives the visitor an option to talk to athletes in blog spots, preview daily updated video footage, purchase the LP clothing line and other products and buy naked pictures of your grandmother. Wow!

The infamous trailer for "The Fall of 07" previews a two year project that started in the 04/05 season. The full feature *Fall of 07* will contain footage from Alaska, South America, Europe, Japan and other far off scary places. However,

the film will have more Utah footage than any other video on the market. It documents the lives and travels of the Levitation team, and primarily consists of snowboarders and skiers local to Utah. What!?

DJ Knuckles releases his first mix C.D. backed by Levitation. If you don't know... you better ask somebody. Plus, the release of the internationally distributed magazine "Art Board" from My Turn Publishing, which will be available on a bi-monthly basis starting in 2007. The magazine will be an art-fart-pop-fart of visual food. One page action photography slash one page art, targeting more on multi-mediums in paintings, illustrations, sketches, models and photography with less emphasis on advertisements. Last but not least, the Levitation Project surfacing party will be held at Port.o.Call. East coast emcee Doujah-Raze will be performing and a raffle will be held. They'll be giving away snowboards, fortune cookies, skis, scented candles, passes to your favorite resorts in the greater Salt Lake area, spice racks, and massive amounts of

Levitation products way cooler than your plaster cast childhood handprints.

The smell of change that has been blowing through this city for the last three years is evident. The prominent uprooting of the music scene in Salt Lake City has taken sides with the industrial and business side of things. Locally based bands and businesses are starting to get more international recognition and global response, as they should. The LP crew has been carefully planning, meticulously promoting, and patiently waiting for the right time to start pulling together and pursuing a parallel path. While the rest of the world is on an airplane in an earthquake (and will continue to be for the next year), we locals get the dirt spilled on us first...and it will be best.

The most important piece of the Levitation puzzle is their professional team of skiers, snowboarders, and skateboarders. Without them, there simply is no Levitation project. Athletes like Julian Carr, a skier holding two world records who conquered the

largest inverted air off a cliff EVER (210 ft. in Europe) and Nate Sheehan, who placed first in the Vans Triple Cup in '06, prove that LP athletes are some of the most well-respected athletes in the industry. Note: "None of this would be possible without the ample help and never-ending support from my wife, Kelly Melendez. Thank You," Nico said.

Snowboarders: Nate Sheehan, Bado Merril, Justin "J-Dubs" White, Thomas Flocca, Ballin Twilliger, Aaron Ward, Tim Ronin, Simon Larsen, Austin Granger, Ben Millsaps, and Cortlan Robertson, Travis Robison

Skiers: Jamey Parks, Billy Poole, Julian Carr, Cody Barnhill

Freeheelers: Josh Madsen, Sarah Clemenson, Dylan Crossman

Skateboarders: Jason "Jersey" Taylor

Filmmakers/photographers: Bob Plumb, Will Wissman, Adam Clark

Cinematographers: Nico Melendez, Eric "Bro" Hostettler

Editor: Jeremy Jensen

Graphic Designers: Travis Rurnington, J. Elchorst

LP Artist: Glen "Nelo" Jeffries

Interns: Andy Ainsworth and Chuck Nuccio



31 Knots

Polemics EP

Polyvinyl Record Co.

Street: 11.07

31 Knots = something in between Fugazi and Modest Mouse



The intro to this five-song EP, properly

titled *Sounding Our Uncertainty*, is enough to draw in even the most skeptical listener with its varied noises and mysterious chanting, followed by a smooth transition into *Sedition's Wish*. The most intriguing thing about 31 Knots and their new EP is that they are nearly unclassifiable; they tread in the waters of prog rock, math rock, indie rock and just plain rock, without giving too much of themselves to any of the four. The slow and subtle guitar riffs, sound effects and vocals bleed into one and, without warning, become loud and unstoppable, but not in an abrupt way, leading me to my next point: Their music is very progressive. Soft sounds roll into loud guitars and shouting vocals without a jarring transition. The music flows like a stream following its riverbed, the water current picking up speed along its journey to the waterfall until it gradually

becomes a raging explosion of noise and energy as it spills over a cliff. 31 Knots is a remarkable trio on so many levels, just as *Polemics* is a remarkable release in numberless ways. — Jeremy C. Wilkins

65daysofstatic

One Time For All Time

Monotreme Records

Street: 11.01

65daysofstatic = Mono + Boredoms + The Industrial Revolution

65daysofstatic waste no bands take nine minutes to accomplish an arc in a song, 65 create a dozen in half the time. Like a vortex, they culminate the energy of everything all at once. While this may seem overwhelming; it's somehow pleasantly consumable, like Cap'n Crunch Berries. 65 draw from an x, y and z lineage, delineating their ability to

communicate in conjunction with other peoples' happiness and the accelerated destruction of the earth. Or in their words, "Here we are for the longest day of the year, y'know it's all downhill from here." Neither pessimistic nor optimistic, this is a shtick, which runs the gamut of energy Ezra Pound and Wyndham Lewis dreamed about. — Spencer Young

Beck

The Information

Interscope Records

Street: 10.03

Beck = Rambo + Arthur Rimbaud + Jim O'Rourke



The colors in Beck's latest entourage, *The Information*, disrupt shapes and lines in a fashion that turns rote consciousness inside out into creative unconsciousness. In other words, spontaneity hits the dance floor like Charlie Chaplin: the feet move quicker than the brain; the senses send signals to themselves. Norms and forms crumble under the impromptu-stylized orchestras and realized roles get busted into indiscriminate, yet purposeful, mosaics. The 8-bit aesthetic of Beck's funk-talk and sing-song-sing approach becomes fulfilling through his soul-infused bossa nova grooves, and when combined, a dance ensues through every square inch of this album. *The Information* posits (un)comfort akin to a stranger sitting next to you on a plane in the exit row, casually unbuttoning your work shirt and rubbing your chest. You both said, "Yes" when the flight attendant asked if you were "willing and able to assist in case of emergencies." Is this an emergency? Do desolation and desperation criss and cross? And when we dance, do we, as Beck suggests, "dance alone"? As per the do-it-yourself liner notes (the album comes with stickers and a blank booklet that allows you to play art director), Beck prompts creative action with *The Information*. — Spencer Young

The Black Watch

Tatterdemalion

Stone Garden Records

Street: 11.28

The Black Watch = The Cure + The Kinks

For years John Andrew Frederick of *The Black Watch* has been tucked away from widespread attention, and with this new release could come the broader audience many have predicted. The good news: the album is charming as hell. The bad news: charming is about all it is. It almost sounds too good; which is to say

it lacks a certain amount of character or personality that makes other indie-rock/folk albums memorable. Good? Yes. Frederick's breakthrough release? Don't ask me, I'm not a doctor. — Jeff Guay

Bullet Treatment

The Mistake

Think Fast!

Street: 10.31

Bullet Treatment = Inside Out + Kill Your Idols

The problem with most new hardcore records, be they metal or punk tinged, is how reigned in they are by the production quality. Bullet Treatment's newest release, their first true full length, can be summed up in one word: unbridled. The damage of shredding screams can be heard in Matt Caughthran's (The Bronx) vocals. None of the washed over reigned in vocals that are present on so many releases are on this album. It's most apparent in the fleeting moments of sung vocals. The damage is there, the vocals are dirty, messy, and slightly out of tune, and it's what makes this throwback shine. They are exactly the kick in the pants that's needed. There isn't too much punk rock chords can do, sort of like food at the Olive Garden; 2 sauces and 4 pastas doesn't allow for much originality, but if waiters started catapulting meals at unsuspecting customers it would be a different story. So, even though the music isn't terribly original the vocal shredding keeps it together. *The Mistake* feels like a live show that's crammed into a stereo and doesn't disappoint in its homage to the early 1980's of hardcore punk rock. — Peter Fryer

Dmonstrations

Night Trars, Shock!

Gold Standard Labs

Street: 10.17

Dmonstrations = Get Hustle + Ex-Models + DNA + Kill Me Tomorrow



This album is challenging to grasp, simultaneously minimalist and progressive, an angular guitar noodles un-repetitively over a cut rhythm while vocals shriek post-modern imagist poetry — really a modern take on the most inspired moments of New York no wave. Innovative sound typical of the GSL family, Dmonstrations' occupy a niche in contemporary music shared with bands like HEALTH, Kill Me Tomorrow, Ex-Models, and Liars. In essence, these are some fucking rad jams. — Ryan Powers

Darkest Hour

Archives

A-F Records

Street: 10.3.06

Darkest Hour = Carcass + Entombed + At the Gates



Darkest Hour have been playing brutal, fast, evil metalcore since before most hardcore kids had even heard *Reign in Blood*. *Archives* is a compilation of their first two E.P.'s, *The Prophecy Fulfilled* and *The Misanthrope*, and some alternate versions of songs off said recordings. There's more "metal" than "core" here, and it's all pretty fucking good, especially when compared to their more recent counterparts who are mainly just reaping the 'benefits' of a popular music scene. When all is said and done, *Archives* proves one important point, due to longevity and originality, Darkest Hour have more scene points than you and your girlfriend combined. — Chris Carter

El Perro Del Mar

Self-Titled

The Control Group

Street: 11.07

El Perro Del Mar = young Nico + A Girl Called Eddy

Sarah Assbring the sole mastermind behind El Perro Del Mar, creates melodies and ballads of lost love and hope with her self-titled debut. Translating to "the sea dog," El Perro Del Mar was formed after Assbring took a walk on the beach and saw a dog out of nowhere. After this, she was inspired to create music she hadn't been able to create in years past. "Candy," directly influenced by this sudden epiphany. It combines simple acoustic strums with tambourine percussion and an elegant echoing voice. This album is full of dolled-up blues songs, with references from God to dogs, further portraying Assbring as perfectly miserable. When it seems like an album couldn't be any more sad, El Perro Del Mar breaks out in to la-la-la's and oh-oh-ah's in the final track, "Never Look Back." She is happy the album is over, while I feel strangely apathetic to the whole thing. — Tom Carbone Jr.

The Evens

Get Evens

Dischord Records

Street: 11.06

The Evens = Fugazi — the rock edge + Two Gallants — the raspy vocals and the occasional hard hitting guitars + folk-style singing

The Evens are a unique band consisting of only two people: Ian MacKaye (Minor

Threat, Fugazi) and Amy Farina (The Warmers). With MacKaye playing the baritone guitar and singing and Farina playing the drums and lending her voice to the songs as well, The Evens, though small in number, are large on sound and talent. Their sound is something in between folk, indie and acoustic rock. It is as if they took each of those types of music, stripped them down to their purest form and then combined them all and subsequently not for one second of Get Evens, The Evens' second album, is it apparent that there are only two people playing this music, because its sound is so full. Each of the 10 tracks burst with energy and a true feeling of sincerity. Having recorded the album in the basement of the Dischord House by themselves helps add a feeling of intimacy to the finished product, and it is easier to feel that the band care more about the music and creating music for music's sake then making a quick buck off a single on the radio. Above all, Get Evens is a success because the music is good—it's as simple as that. — Jeremy C. Wilkins

French Toast

Ingleside Terrace

Dischord Records

Street: 10.09

French Toast = Wilco + Badly Drawn Boy



It's interesting to see the evolution in not only music, but record labels. Of course, anyone who followed or knows anything about hardcore and punk rock in the early 80s recognizes the impact Dischord Records had on the early scene. Bands like Minor Threat, Government Issue, Teen Idles, State of Alert and Youth Brigade dominated the roster of Dischord. These days, the roster looks quite a bit different, but that's not necessarily a bad thing; it's simply called evolution. French Toast is one example of the new Dischord. With their second full-length, *Ingleside Terrace*, French Toast gain a member and became a trio as well as exhibit what they are capable of, which turns out to be pretty damn near anything. Throughout each track on the album, the three play musical chairs with their instruments and vocal duties and, in the process, create a record with diverse sounds. Instead of confusing the listener with the constant changing of instruments and vocal assignments, each of the tracks have their own personality, from mellow to more rock-oriented vocals and music, all working together well as a whole to make a strong piece of work. — Jeremy C. Wilkins

Gojojo

All Is Fair

Galaxia Records

Street: 11.21

Gojojo = Schoenberg + Brian Eno + Caliphone

Here's a nice little treat. Gojojo, using "Indian percussion and European stringed instruments," sanction out patterned musical deliciousness via the "Pakhawaj" and "dholki," among other unpronounceable music makers. At first listen it's easy to imagine yourself in an Indian restaurant peacefully eating benghan bartha curry. The further those spices settle in however, the more an Otherness makes itself known through unconventional instrumentation and unpredictable harmonization. The track "All Is Fair In Love and War" can stand up to any band with an electric guitar and distortion pedal by creating tension heavier and more intricate than a homemade quilt. — Spencer Young

Holy Smokes

Talk to Your Kids about Gangs

Skin Graft Records

Street: 11.04

Holy Smokes = Hello(5 member version) + Pure Moods + FCS North



A little deviated from the standard Skin Graft release, whatever the hell that is, this album is more like ambient music to the nth degree of radicality. The plethora of sounds is welcome as they are all well calculated and positioned musically, quite a phenomenal collaboration as opposed to a clash of musicians and styles. The repetitive nature and organic drums (courtesy of Hello's Zach Hill) bring elements to noise and minimalist orchestration that are ingenious. The vocals aren't quite my style, but are strong and avoid cliché at all costs. Well done, champions of musical goulash, well done. — Ryan Powers

Hybrid

I Choose Noise

Distinctive Records

Street: 11.21

Hybrid = 808 State + Hans Zimmer

I saw this disc in my "to be reviewed" bin and said, "If this starts with high, fake, 'drama' strings, I'm tossing it in the trash." Guess what? Hybrid didn't let me down! Welcome to the most predictable album of the year. Aside from calculable steps such as enlisting droning vocal talent from Perry Farrell (he really just needs to stop and relish in his glory days) and some "sirens",

blowing a wad of cash on A-list film "composer" Harry Gregson-Williams and the Seattle Orchestra to perform ersatz string swells (so many strings on here), the music is a rapid clone of everyone before them (including Hybrid's previous work). The harmonic progressions, the form, the sounds (strings!!!), the global shape...you can anticipate everything coming from mile and 32 bars away. Do you really need another version of The Orb's *The Orb's Adventures Beyond the Ultraworld* and BT's *Movement in Still Life*? Hybrid took a formula, milked the teat again and again and offer you the vapid leftovers. — Dave Madden

Imperial

We Sail at Dawn

Pluto Records

Street: 11.14

Imperial = From Autumn To Ashes + Darkest

Hour



Postmodernism strikes again! Congrats to Imperial for being one of the first bands to reference/copy/tribute a sound to a band that produced the sound a mere 5 years ago. The distance is too great for it to be a simple copy of a style- and too close for it to be "retro". Most CD labels read "harkening back to the days of Led Zeppelin" or "reminds one of youth crew bands like Youth of Today" not "sounds like the Ateryu of 5 years ago!" Only in the 21st century could a band reference a band like Ateryu was simply a pastiche of other styles they were emulating, so you basically have a copy of a copy. This style is more than played out. The music is adequately played, some of the guitar riffs are encroaching on epic, but power metal and Gothenburg drained that well long ago. Imperial (bastard cousins of Emperor?) concocted their favorite mix of metal/hardcore/emo/and balladry and hoped it stuck. Instead it sounds like the aural equivalent of mixing all of the sodas at 7-11. — Peter Fryer

Joanna Newsom

Ys

Drag City

Street: 11.14

Joanna Newsom = Alice Coltrane + Marianne Faithfull

Of all the artists in the world, I can think of very few where the phrase "love or hate" applies more than with Joanna Newsom's music. Her unique style of almost-crackling voice and harp arpeggios, hashing out songs with subjects such as killing your dinner with korate and bean sprouts, sends some running for

the CD changer (I've seen this, twice, at parties) while others willingly wilt to the floor after just a few notes. To the latter crowd, you'll be happy that Newsom hasn't changed her style, though this time around she's thinking bigger. Longer, more developed works (Ys is 5 tracks, at just under 56 minutes total) augmented with an orchestral backdrop and wrapped up in a Jim O'Rourke analog mix (Steve Albini recorded her solo voice and harp). Though still choncy dialog such as, "And the little white dove/made with love, made with love; made with glue, and a glove, and some pliers", she sounds less insulated and more confident, expressing epic passion for her subjects. In other words, she's no longer a peasant girl, trapped in a tower in some faraway kingdom: she's The Queen! — Dave Madden

Joe Lally

There To Here

Dischord Records

Street: 10.09

Joe Lally = music in its purest and simplest form



I can't say that I was immediately impressed by Mr. Lally and his album, *There To Here*. At first I found it bland, boring and slow—very slow. His music is mellow and contemplative and once I began to read deeper into the meaning behind the songs on this record, I started to understand and appreciate how the simplicity of it all works well together. Most of the tracks consist solely of Lally's brand of talk-singing and his bass with touches of random percussion and backing vocals from friends and former bandmates such as Ian MacKaye, whom Lally played with in Fugazi. That is not to say there is never the strum of a guitar heard—it is, only sporadically. *There To Here* is more about what is said than what is played instrumentally. Rather than the vocals accompanying the music, it feels like the music accompanies the dominant vocals. To get the most out of this album, it takes some thoughtful listening, but in the end, it's worth it. — Jeremy C. Wilkins

The Killers

Sam's Town

Island Records

Street: 10.03

The Killers = A Las Vegas marketing campaign

At the outset, I admit, I intended to find something in this album that would allow for a scathing review. But that would be all too easy and, really, wrongfully malicious. The Killers, after all, put out a killer track

on *Hot Fuss* ("All These Things That I've Done"), which deserves them the benefit of the doubt. This time around, despite the obvious identity swap—these cute lads traded in their eyeliner and hairspray for the Easy Rider look: beards and leather vests—it becomes impossible to separate the songs from society. Meaning: The Killers are a band that satisfies market expectations and trends. With more anthems built to mirror the human condition, The Killers succeed for the same reasons Tim McGraw does; both cater exclusively to the emotions that make us human and both lucidly universalize these emotions into clear crystal myth/meth. Case in point when singer Brandon Flowers caos: "Don't you want to come with me, don't you want to feel my bones/feel my skin, it's only NATURAL." — Spencer Young

The Kooks

Inside In/Inside Out

Astralwerks

Street: 10.03

The Kooks = Rooney + Brobecks + The O.C.



Apparently these guys are huge in Europe, which would be interesting if they were from America, but they aren't from America—they are from southeast England. They are the new face of pop rock who also are very lively musicians that can actually play their instruments well. Songs like "Eddie's Gun" are stadium beach rock, while "Ooh La" and "Seaside" sound more like a living room acoustic jam. There are fourteen songs on the album that gives the listener a sense that they could put on a live performance that is engaging, interesting and long enough for an entire night of entertainment. There might not be anything surprising or forward thinking, but the album is perfectly executed and sets a scene for a great party or celebration of any kind. —Andrew Glassett

Lillingtons

The Too Late Show

Red Scare

Street: 10.10

Lillingtons = The Methadones + The Queers

Alright, kids, if you're ready and willing for an album immensely full of catchy hits about zombies, aliens, the red menace, and double-agent spies ... this one's for you! It may sound cheesy, but I like the Methadones, so I enjoyed this band. My favorite track from *The Too Late Show* was "All I hear is static when you talk" for the very reason that it's catchy as hell!! I

was singing that nonsense for days. I also enjoyed their song "Zombies"—most any song about zombies is one I can dig my bloodthirsty teeth into, and who can't enjoy lyrics about eating brains? All in all, if you're in the mood for some upbeat, B-Movie-inspired pop-punk, this one's for you. And if it means anything to you, Fat Mike loves the Lillingtons. —Sara Edge

Lyrics Born

Overnite Encore: Lyrics Born Live!

Quannum Projects

Street: 10.31

Lyrics Born = C-Lo + James Brown

Lyrics Born is in a fast-forward evolution, including a new website, new album and a new tour (even though it seems he stops by Salt Lake City about three times a year). With his live band backing every word he utters, he has quickly become an entertainer for everyone, a hip-hop James Brown, if you will. *Overnite Encore* successfully captures the energy and sound of a live Lyrics Born festival-style show. Quannum Projects have to be VERY hoppy with their new affiliate who is more apt to make records than drop a slough of singles every six months. Recorded in Sydney, Australia, *Overnite Encore* takes you on a funky ride to the down under where Lyrics Born lets you know just how hype he can be. Lyrics Born gets the crowd to participate on every song, almost as if he wrote every song for a live show, not just an album. He has unlimited blows and never stays in the same spot...it makes you wonder what he'll do next. —Lance Saunders

The Mall

Emergency at the Everyday

Secretariat Records

Street: 10.03

The Mall = Paperrad + Japanther + Babyland

The Mall delivers synth-punk in its most percussive progressive redressive state of jamage. Fairly close to punk convention, the innovation comes at the almost entirely synth musicianship, which is catchy yet noisy as all hell—in a very Japanther kind of way. Bass guitar and acoustic drums firmly base this album outside of any electro classification, yet the hyper-energetic vocals and synth riffs keep them from any sort of standard punk classification. The Mall is another absolutely phenomenal band that defies any real genre grouping or even comparable associations. Did I mention the synth-metal breakdowns? the dance tracks? Holy shit! This will rule your balls more than a handful of miniature dictators in your underwear. —Ryan Powers

Mouse on Mars

Varchaz

Ipecac

Street: 10.10

Mouse on Mars = Miles Davis + Oval

Mouse on Mars is a lot like your so-called favorite food, the one you indulge in every six months or so that makes you sick every damned time (i.e. Café Rio, Peanut Butter Crunch). The exquisite taste is enough to overshadow the illness

and blocks out your memory as for as time spent lying on the floor to offset a cose of the heaves. What Mouse on Mars does, they do fucking well: they make great sounds. Insonely excellent sounds. Sounds to good that everyone interested in sound design should take classes from them (you can actually study with them). Historically though, and without exception here, their sounds take precedence over musicality – I don't want to hear that stupid "well, what is music?" argument. That is, they're so focused on introducing something new, each of these tracks is reduced to (interesting) etudes that rarely develop – I might listen to the "but that's their steez/aesthetic" argument. However, the ear candy makes the album something to check out, particularly for table-core producers to analyze before their next test on equalizers. Warchorz translates as "vocabulary", but MoM have had enough time to focus their words into essays. I'm still waiting. – Dave Madden

Polly Panic

Painkiller

Greyday Records

Street: 10.10

Polly Panic = Rasputina + PJ Harvey + Jarboe + Crisis + The Melvins

Well, holy shit. With such a stupid band name, I thought PP was gonna be some regurgitated punk dribble, but none such! Talk about epic, crushing tunes to curdle your blood and melt your gallbladder. Now I get why SLUG assigned me this album to review—it has so many elements of my band, *Subrosa*, that it's eerie. Strings (here, Polly Panic's throaty, raw, rich cello); dark lyrics about 'rents ("Mother knows best/but she fell down/so where will we sleep ... Father is wise/but he's afraid in the night/and so am I/to this day") and heavy sludge overtones with pounding, emphatic drumming. Polly Panic's vocals take more of a chance with high, rising crescendos reminiscent of *Karyn Crisis* and husky statements spit out with the confident, pseudo-prophectic authority of, say, *Pat Benatar* ("Love is a battlefield!"). Don't miss her Friday, Oct. 27 at the Broken Record. –Rebecca Vernon

Qwel & Meaty Ogre

Freezer Burner

Galapagos4 Records

Street: 11.14

Qwel & Meaty Ogre = Typical Cats + Soul Position + RJ2D



Qwel has taken a solo walk around the block with this one, leaving his Typical Cat

Crew behind (for the time being). Anyone who knew about the first collaborative effort *The Manhattan Project* knew this album was worth waiting for. Qwel's experience as a wordsmith is up to par and downright astounding on top of Meaty instrumentals, sought after by many of the industry's biggest fish. Textured with the Avant feel and sprinkled with neo-noire classic sounds, this album could turn the heads of many other artists with a taste for collaborations, and that's exactly how Qwel wants it. Qwel breaks down controversial issues on songs like "Machinegun Monkey" and brings back some of the bruising braggadocio style that made him ear-catching on tracks like "Who's the Boogieman?" and "Id Glue." So, straight out of Chicago, Freezer Burner stands tall and proud as a solid and compelling journey into a respective year for hip-hop. – Lance Saunders

The Receiver

Decodes

Stunning Models on Display

Street:

The Receiver = Radiohead – Autechre

influence + a tinge of classic pop Beatles – the excellent pop song writing



By far the most impressive attribute this album has to offer, and the real reason to even put the CD in your stereo, is the instrumental range, highlighted by exceptionally proficient piano playing. The moody songs wind and weave around the pianos, crafting a sinister, ethereal feel with an undertone of whispery vocals and harmonious backing voices, almost ghostly in nature. Often in minor chords, the keyboards control the pace, taking it up a notch in the upbeat *In Tunnels*, and taking it down a notch for the following *Corner (Pt II)*. As the debut album from hopeful child prodigy Casey Cooper, *Decodes* is backed by Cooper's equally talented brother. Started as Casey's senior thesis, one can tell that his influences are heavy, spacey-rock mixed with some healthy 90's Radiohead and beyond. Unfortunately, Casey does Radiohead without the Thom Yorke electronic innovation, which is what makes the monster British band sound so fresh. While the piano lines might stick in your head, and the vocal harmonies are pleasing to the ear, the monotonous tone and derivative nature of the rest of this release makes me feel rather underwhelmed. Lacking much to stand out, with no particular favorite songs, even after repeated listens, I am left to appreciate the skill without anything to hold onto. Perhaps Casey did not mean for this to be a hit, only a statement of

ability and intention, and in that case, has succeeded. Sadly, while the label comparisons on the sticker on the jewel case are Pinback and Air (two of my favorites), *The Receiver* only gives mere hits at that style, and has a long way to go before making a great impression on the scene. – Judy Nelson

Scott Solter/Pattern Is Movement

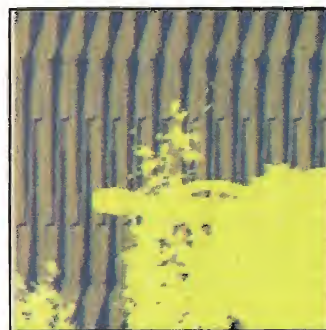
Canonic

Hometapes

Street: 10.10

Canonic = Pattern Is Movement + Broken

Spindles + razor blades



The idea of an analog remix is nothing new, but may have been reborn with the release of Scott Solter's version of *Pattern Is Movement's* album *Stowaway*. PIM recorded with Solter in 2005 at the soon to be infamous *Tiny Telephone* recording studio. Earlier this year, PIM handed the tapes back to Solter to cut up, grease up and tape up to create something completely new. The result is *Canonic*, an album full of crackles and incomplete soundscapes. The original album is more beat based and up front while the remix album is more moody and almost Halloween sounding. The beats in *Canonic* are intensely more interesting than those in *Stowaway* but *Stowaway* obviously works better as a complete album. The production is flawless and the album would make a great soundtrack for any type of Fall gathering. –Andrew Glassett

Shook Ones

Facetious Folly Feat

Revelation Records

Street: 10.31

Shook Ones = Dillinger Four



There's not much to like where pop-punk is concerned. It's very rarely I find a band like this that can hold my interest long enough to listen to. I like Dillinger Four a lot, but that's a huge exception to any of the hardcore influenced pop-

punk out there, and all I hear when I listen to *Facetious Folly Feat* is Dillinger Four. The album is almost a carbon copy, complete with catchy hooks, crew singalongs, and sound bites jocked from 1940s public service announcements. All that might make it an occasional listen, but the vocals are unbearable. *Scott Freeman's* attempts at scratching out hoarse melodies are almost painful to hear. It sounds like someone took a cheese grater to his throat. I had to take a break from the cd multiple times before I could actually finish listening to it, and I couldn't stop winning the entire time. – Chris Carter

Street Dogs

Fading American Dream

DRT Entertainment

Street: 10.10

Street Dogs = Flogging Molly + Dropkick

Murphys + Mighty Mighty Bosstones

The Street Dogs just get better and better with every album they put out. I think that their third release, *Fading American Dream*, is their best yet. Their style has remained consistent through the three albums, but also hasn't managed to get stale. *Fading American Dream* is filled with beautifully-crafted songs about the current situation in Iraq, like the acoustic ballad "Final Transmission," which is based around a 19-year-old deceased soldier's last letter home. The song shows *Mike McColgan's* maturity and very real understanding of what is going on in overseas. Although much of the album focuses on heavy issues, light-hearted songs can be found in the mix too. "Tobe's Got A Drinking Problem" is one of these. Luckily, this politically charged album doesn't feel like a preachy *Anti-Flag* album; it makes you think about exactly what is going on in the world today. –Jeanette Moses

sunnO))) & Boris

Altar

Southern Lord

Street: 10.31

sunnO))) & Boris = ape scene at the beginning of *Space Odyssey 2001* + *Neurosis* + *Mike Patton*



The sun is a bloody disc in the sky; the fires are pelting hot ash from massive volcanic overflow, the earth is vomiting up her dead, the terrible angels are announcing the end. Yeah, this collaboration (not a split) between two well-respected Southern Lord artists is downright apocalyptic. *Altar* is half a wandering cacophony of thundering feedback, liquid song structure,

free-form drums and drawn-out, simmering, sophisticated, eerie scraping that one might hear in a Japanese horror movie, and half a discordant, creepy but ethereally beautiful, delicate creation of glass. Like *ISIS*, sunnO))) & Boris seem more driven to paint slow noise soundscapes to evoke half-forgotten truths rather than to accommodate their invisible audience with anything akin to recognizability. The haunting vocals of Jesse Sykes lullabize "The Sinking Belle (Blue Sheep)" and grand, Viking-like horns and gongs amidst abrasive synth buzz evoke alpha and omega in "Akuma No Kuma." —Rebecca Vernon

Tall Hands

Self-Titled
Pulse
Street: 10.24
Tall Hands = The Velvet Underground + The Velvet Underground + The Velvet Underground - the vitality of the source

Tall Hands gets a little more rambunctious, as far as guitar speed-jangle, than the Underground, but ... that's about the only difference. The Lou Reed enigmatic scowl-voice is here (minus larger-than-life-personality), plunky piano, the ethereal guitar washes on slower ballads ("Medici"), and the repetitious, hypnotizingly drone riffs with one chord change for the chorus sans change in drum pattern, speed, or emotional intensity. You could throw in a couple comparisons like The Jesus & Mary Chain and maybe Bowie, but that isn't really necessary when you're, like, almost an exact replica of a predecessor ... without the advantage of saying you were there first. —Rebecca Vernon

That Handsome Devil

Self-Titled
Stardust Records
Street: 11.01
That Handsome Devil = Al Green + Outkast + Goldfinger



That Handsome Devil plays grimy jazz-pop-hop that could accompany a lowbrow detective movie. Unfortunately, the detective that comes to mind is *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*. As much as it hurts conjuring up the imagery associated with that movie, it's necessary as a representation. These guys really hit bottom when try to infuse humor in a hip-hop, blues track entitled, "Dating Tips," which uses *Wile E. Coyote*-type sound effects to administer sexual innuendos; sounds like, "Boiling!" It really is unfortunate that all this had to happen because the next track is actually listen-

worthy. It's comparable to what happens when you watch said horrible movie in juxtaposition with *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*: The residue of Jim Carrey's "Reehuhreeaaally!" can ruin a perfectly good scene. These dudes are in their thirties and still spike their hair. Something's amiss here. —Spencer Young

This Moment In Black History

It Takes A Notion (Of Assholes To Hold Us Back)
Cold Sweat Records
Street: 10.31
This Moment In Black History = Loiter Cognition + Bad Brains

It Takes A Notion (Of Assholes To Hold Us Back) is a jolt of high-energy punk-rock injected with elements of thrash that the current music scene is in dire need of. This Moment In Black History combines humor with socially-conscious lyrics, resulting in satirical songs about real things, reminiscent of the Dead Kennedys. The squelching feedback from the amps compliments the chuggy guitars, bassy drums and high-pitched vocals, which in turn create something rowier than a chicken that has been cooked in the microwave. This Moment In Black History crams 14 amazing songs into this release in a few minutes over a half-hour. My favorite tracks were "Let's Talk About A Civil War," "Larry Pulled a Knife On Jesus" and the Easter Monkeys cover of "Nailed to the Cross." —Jeanette Moses

Various Artists

Trustkill Takeover Volume II
Trustkill
Street: 10.31
TTVII = unreleased songs

Oh Trustkill records, how we love to loathe thee. You've taken hardcore from the streets to Hot Topic. But then you released the new *This is Hell* album, and it all got confused. Which brings us to the new comp. 16 bands. 16 tracks. All new. Crowd response?! "enh" followed by a shrug. Remember when compilation CDs stood for something? Now they are just a cheap marketing tool. This aside, there are a few good tracks on this, and credit must be given for having new recordings from the participating bands. I still don't understand 18 Visions becoming Guns N Roses, and will anyone ever take Walls of Jericho seriously? (Derivative!) But, a few tracks are decent. The Fight Paris song is listenable (even though it seems like Ron Jeremy wrote the lyrics). This is Hell offer a mediocre track by their standards, but it's still a cut above. I think I'm one of two people that liked the last *Open Hand* record, so the prog-ness is a welcome addition. Throwdown needs to realize that pop was at the heart of the Misfits and so Misfits covers without melodies are booooooring. *First Blood* offers their machinegun beats, and there are some emo-ish mopers lurking about on this as well. If you are at the mall and have nothing else to drop your 5 bones on, this wouldn't be an awful investment. Personally, I'd buy a hot dog on a stick for the money. —Peter Fryer

White Magic

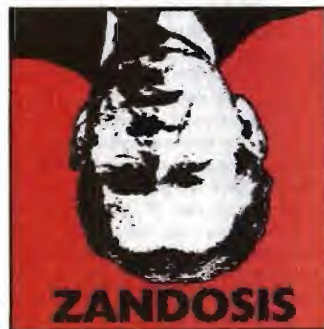
Dat Rosa Mel Apibus
Drag City
Street: 10.14
White Magic = Quix*o*tic + Nico + Foun Fables



With the rampant breeding of folk genres spawned from Devendra Banhart's dirty womb, we spin the wheel and what we get ... wait for it ... "goth-folk!" Though it can be a tad misleading with ocean-side songs like "Hear My Call," the trio's sound is essentially tinted with a dark gypsy dance. The melodies tilt and tilt with songs like "Childhood Sang" and the vocals ore that same self-assured female-takes-all Chan Marshall rebuttal. But hark! The herald angel's DO sing! The point of separation (aside from nifty packaging that includes a medieval maze and embossing) is the collateral for the same old nu-folk is the cohesive unity of story — not the same old personal introspection that has come to typify a "revitalized" genre. Thanks White Magic for banishing with your twenty-sided CD the evils of bad neo-folk. —Erik Lopez

Zandosis

George W. Bush Go Straight to Fucking Hell
Stickfigure Records
Street: 11.01
Zandosis = Anti-Flag + Crass — Musicianship



Political music isn't always a bad thing. Most lyricists cleverly veil political ideals within their string of poetic repetitions. In this case, Zandosis bypassed that with clever song titles like, "George Bush Go Straight to Fucking Hell." Although appropriate, using the cantor of an angry 14 year old mall punk doesn't scream wit. I suppose this could be forgiven with something, anything that wasn't completely boring. Too bad they fucked that up too. —Ryan Powers

DVD REVIEWS

The Dwarves

Fefu: Special Edition Directors Cut
Greedy Media
Street: 09.26

The Dwarves = punk rock + female and male nudity + more punk rock + more female and male nudity. If you like the Dwarves this DVD is no shock at all. It is chock full of full male nudity culled from a collection of live footage of the band throughout the years. The whole thing circles around the "Fefu," music video; what is included on the DVD are the "clean" and "dirty" versions of the video both graphic enough to ensure that the video will never be featured on MTV. The "Fefu" song actually stands for Fuck, Eat and Fuck You Up and the video features the Internet's favorite pin-up punk rock girls: the *Suicide Girls*! The *Suicide Girls* attempt to say that they were the first punk rock pin-ups and forget the numerous current copycats. Basically, if you are easily offended then you probably don't like the Dwarves. The live footage is interesting but features a hell of a lot of frontal male nudity, so for both sexes this DVD does not discriminate. Though, generally, if you are a straight guy seeing this much sausage can be frightening. Then again if you watch porn you see the same thing so what does it matter. —Bryer Wharton

Kill Your Idols

Directed By: Scott Crary
Palm Pictures
Street: 08.29

Kill Your Idols is first time director Scott Crary's attempt to trace a New York sound from the early vestiges of the short lived "movement" No-Wave to now. Attempt? You may wonder as you read this review. The reason being is that Crary is well intentioned enough to start his documentary talking to the luminaries of the No-Wave scene such as Glenn Branca, Lydia Lunch, and Arto Lindsay to name a few but after a half an hour of them glorifying their excess filled days and then bitching and moaning about the current scenes insincerity and fashion sense, the documentary goes down hill. Its positive points lie in that it does a great job paying tribute and tracing the line of descent of current bands such the Liars, Black Dice and the Yeah Yeah Yeahs from the bursts of energy that were No New York but it does so at the expense of having to listen to those bands awkwardly justify their lineage. It is awesome to see the old bands talk about their experiences from way back when and see clips of their live shows but it sucks to hear the new bands open their mouths and their Versace acid wash jeans in the same breath. —Erik Lopez

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Coffee Tycoon

Anarchy Enterprises
Strategy
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Street: April 2005



Coffee Tycoon is part of a long line of *Tycoon* games that began back in the mid 90s with *Transport Tycoon* and later got huge with the breakout *Roller Coaster Tycoon*. These games are really just complicated versions of everyone's favorite (or at least first) video game, *Lemonade Stand*. If you're not old enough to have been forced to play *Lemonade Stand* back in the early 80s, consider yourself lucky to have missed the dark days of the two-dimensional, "educational" *Apple II* games.

Flash forward 25 years to *Coffee Tycoon* and we're still peddling beverages and trying to make an honest buck. Now, there's a full palette of colors and sound to go with your coffeeshop. Pick your name, corporate logo, starting city and you're off. Unfortunately, after picking these three completely irrelevant details, you make almost no other decisions for the rest of the game. You can adjust the ratio of baristas, managers and executives you employ. You can also pick new items to go on your menu, but that's about it. You can't price your coffee, pick locations, buy supplies in advance or even invest your money. Apparently, making decisions is not part of running a business. I actually missed the control of *Lemonade Stand*!

This game is so boring and pointless that I drank two pots of coffee just so the shaking of my hands made clicking "Start Day" over and over again more challenging. The complete lack of effort by the developer is comical; apparently, the *Tycoon* title has been slapped on dozens of bad games in recent years, including *Dino Park Tycoon*, *Fish Tycoon*, *Lucky Ranch Tycoon* and the much-anticipated *Dungeon Tycoon*. If you're going to play a strategy game, go pick up *Civilization* and make yourself a real cup of coffee.

-Jesse Kennedy

1 out of 5 blistering coffee burns

Intellivision Lives!

Realtime Associates
Crave
PS2/PC/TV
Compilation
Street: November 2006



In 1980, the *Intellivision* was released in North America, and even at \$300 a pop, it crushed the cheaper *Atari 2600*. By 1982, the *Intellivision* was in two million homes across America with more than 100 titles and the video game war was raging. By 1984, there were so many new consoles that the *Intellivision* was cut to \$70 and all but discontinued as the bottom fell out of the market. But the secret was out; we would pay gobs of money to play video games at home and that has been the case ever since.

I received three versions of this re-release of the 80s *Intellivision* console games; one for the PC, one for the PS2 and another version with just 10 of the games built into a paddle that can be plugged directly into a television. The PC and PS2 versions come with more games (over 50 each) as well as a variety of special features, including trivia about the games and interviews with the developers. The games in the paddle version boast some extra monsters and weapons, but for our purposes here, we're going to include the paddle version in this review.

It's easy to understand why game companies are so happy to release collections like this. There are almost no development costs, there's pre-existing name recognition from the original console and they can tap into the cash-filled arteries of people who will buy anything that reminds them of that most glorious of decades, the 80s. As cool as the 80s might have been, I don't find anything "rad" about these game's wretched sounds, jagged graphics or laughable game play. These *Intellivision* games may have been reproduced very accurately, but that doesn't mean that I want to spend much time playing them. I've had more fun playing the banner flash-games on Myspace to win musical ring-tones than this. The good news is that the PC and PS2 versions get a healthy chunk of game titles, yet for those considering the TV version, the paddle seems very comfortable with a cord at least long enough to permit proper lounging.

-Jesse Kennedy

2 out of 5 hilarious game titles

Prince of Persia Revelations

Pipeworks Software Inc
Ubisoft
PSP
Adventure
Street: December 2005



While sifting through a pile of games recently, I found *Price of Persia Revelations* unopened and forgotten at the bottom of the stack. I had yet to play any of the *Prince of Persia* titles (and there have been many since the series began back in 1989), so I decided to spend some time to get to know the Prince. Keep in mind that this is the PSP title, *Revelations*, which is an almost direct port to the 2004 title *Warrior Within*.

Once you've started playing *Revelations*, it becomes obvious that this game is not perfect. The camera movement is slow and the view can be awkward. The player controls feel vague and can at times be frustrating, a situation probably exacerbated by the tiny PSP controls. The graphics are mostly acceptable, but can be a little grainy at times. Also, for better or worse, this game is really difficult! Many of the levels are laid out like large booby-trapped puzzles and without the ability to save the game, I found myself redoing many parts of the game over and over because I kept getting killed at the last part of the stage. Once you're into *Revelations* a ways, you gain the power to reverse time, a handy feature when you're tired of getting impaled by giant floor spikes. This is a finite power that should be saved for boss fights.

With all of this said I really enjoyed this game. In fact I would put it towards the top of my PSP titles to date. *Revelations* definitely has a *Ninja Gaiden* feeling as the Prince runs up and along walls, swings and hangs from ledges and does aerial acrobatics while decapitating enemies with ease. The difficulty will test your patience, but will also reward your persistence. I only wish there were more enemies to slay and less traps to maneuver, but that doesn't mean that this is a game you can afford not to play. -Jesse Kennedy

4 out of 5 gruesome booby traps

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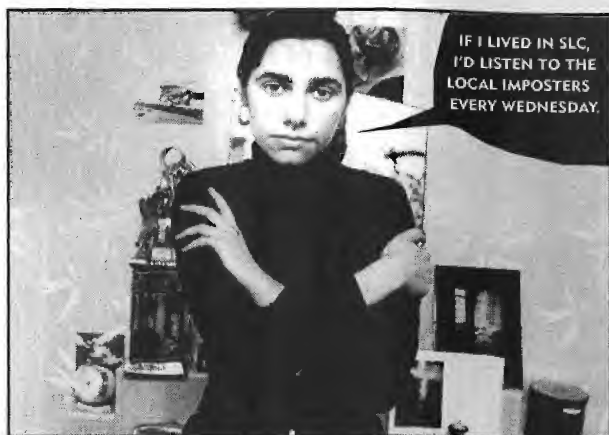
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Divorcing Southern Comfort

The Portland band the Prids are heavily influenced by classic post-punk and new-wave artists of the 80s. They started on ground not so familiar with their style. I had a chance to talk with guitarist **David Frederickson** about how the Prids formed, their new record and touring as a vegan.

David and bassist **Mistina Keith** met in St. Joseph, Missouri. It was here that they formed a band together and later married. "Mistina and I never really set out to be a post-punk or a new-wave band. We thought we were like **Thurston Moore** and **Kim Gordon** in a regular indie band," David said. After a year and a half spent in St. Joseph, the band moved to Lincoln, Nebraska. The Prids started playing with well-known artists from the area. "We were friends with **the Faint** from Omaha, and started playing some shows with them. We weren't best friends with them or anything, but they were fun to play with," David said. While searching for a new town to call home, Mistina and David stumbled upon Portland, Oregon.

"Lincoln was a fairly small town, and we wanted to get out. Portland had all the amenities that we were looking for. It is super liberal and we fit in," said David. "Portland had the nightlife and I'd like to think we have a pretty big fan base here," he chuckled. "In

the beginning, we were just playing a couple of shows and we were already getting great press. People were coming to see us and we were just like, 'Hey, this is like heaven.' It was perfect for us."

While in Portland, Mistina and David decided to end their romantic relationship. "We were seeing other people and we finally decided we should probably make this final," David said. "When Mistina and I got divorced, it wasn't even a consideration to end the band. I like to think there are deeper things out there than just that level of a relationship, so we stuck it out," he said.

The Prids released their first album, *Love Zero*, in 2003, but didn't begin to get the recognition they deserved until putting out their latest record, *...Until the World is Beautiful*. "I think with a band our size, putting out a second record makes people take you a little more seriously than they did before," said David. "If you start from the bottom, not on a major label, and stick it out, eventually, you'll get your break."

After *Love Zero*, the Prids knew they wanted to release another album, but they first had to settle some issues regarding their previous label, **This is a Way Records**, and band members first. "We had some issues with our former label," he said. "We had to iron some things out with them before we could release our new album." *...Until the World is Beautiful* was released on five 03 records.

After *Love Zero*, The Prids lost their keyboard player, so they began to focus on other ideas for the new record by placing more emphasis on guitar and bass. As expected, The Prids changed the way they created songs. *...Until the World is Beautiful* leans toward conventional rock sounds as opposed to the keyboard-driven *Love Zero*. However, both albums represent the band well and leave a definite post-punk feeling upon the listener.

"Probably the biggest difference between the two is that we were able to focus on our performances rather than record our songs ourselves, like before. We started to focus on the new album about a year after *Love Zero*, but there are really only one or two songs that are old," David said. The current lineup for the Prids includes guitarist David Frederickson, bassist Mistina Keith, **Eric Hold** on keyboards, and drummer **Joey Maas**.

Touring has been an important and prevalent part of the Prids existence. "At our stage of the game, when someone asks us to tour with them, we say yes. If it sounds interesting, of course," he joked. Since all the members are vegan, one would think that this might impose difficulty in getting a good bite to eat in

all the towns they visit. "Being vegan on tour is easier than ever," he says. "We travel with a book that tells what every town has to offer vegan-wise. Some towns are pretty barren and don't have much to offer, but it's getting better and better. Cooking on tour isn't really an option, though, as nice as it would be. Between setting up for a gig, playing, and loading our gear back up, I'm really just ready to sit down and eat somewhere and not cook," David said.

As far as future plans go, David said, "We're going to try and release an album a year from now. As far now, we're just playing with **Built to Spill**, and probably touring California and the rest of the West Coast this November." If the first two releases by the Prids are any indication of the potential longevity of the band, I predict they have a long life ahead of them. The effort they constantly show between heavily touring and staying dedicated to writing and recording further reinforces this prediction.

"Sometimes you have to sleep on couches from time to time on tour to do what you love," David confesses. "Plenty of people decide that this isn't the life for them, but it's definitely the life for us."



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CURSED AND HUMBLER: AN ISIS EXPERIENCE

It seems like every little great opportunity knocks on my door, something is waiting on the other side, ready to kick me in the nuts. The day was filled with promise. I had an interview scheduled with two members of the longtime idolized band Isis. It was as exciting as the fact that they were the opening act for Tool. But fate unfolded and the day's luck changed.

To make a long story short, I have been plagued in the past with interviews that were supposedly being recorded only to become botched, leaving me with nothing. Before hopping in the Isis tour bus to talk with guitarists Mike Gallagher and Cliff Meyer, I checked my recorder to make sure it was working properly. It was. But for some strange reason, as if walking into the band's bus meant entering some time vortex, all that was recorded was white noise and faint voices. Thank god my memory isn't entirely shot and I didn't forget the experience of meeting two humbled but brilliant musicians.

Isis is a band that has undergone changes that somehow haven't watered down the music from the harsher origins of the incessantly brutal *Mosquito Coast* EP to the pickaxe groove and simple sledging heaviness of *Celestial* to the lush and perplexing melodies of *Panopticon* and now the earthy textures of *In The Absence of Truth*. The fame and fortune of this band has been a gradual ride to unimaginable heights. Being invited to tour with Tool is a feat in itself and has without question exposed them to a wider audience.

Amongst talk of the current tour and how things have been going lately (all very humbly answered in a form not fit for rock stars), the band is happy to be where they are right now. The only thing they look forward to is their upcoming follow-up to *Panopticon*, *In The Absence of Truth*. I dropped the hammer of how Isis first fell into my lap. I bring up their past tour, opening for The Dillinger Escape Plan and Candiria where their music was first unleashed to my unsuspecting ears at *In The Venue* in 2001. I tell the guitarists that at that time they were unknown to me. In response, they distinctly remembered the tour and the show. I tell them I hadn't heard anything like what they played, let alone seen it live. To make things simple, it was one of those musical, life-changing moments—a sudden realization that there was something completely unhinged and passionate. I tell Cliff that their performance quite easily prompted me to purchase the CD they were touring in support of, *Celestial*, (the title track was the first song they played and that opening riff is emblazoned in my brain permanently.) Grinning from ear to ear, Mike and Cliff just say "Thanks."

Without hesitation I asked the band what made them decide to delve into a new medium with their recently released *Clearing the Eye* DVD, a compilation of live footage from

two different venues and time periods, as well as interviews. The guys explain that it is another way for fans to see what they have to offer and if they had the funds or time, they would have created something huge. With their budget and time constraints, the highly exceptional *Clearing the Eye* was all they could produce. And if you know Isis, you know that the visual element adds something that cannot be found in audio alone.

As for the group's current live shows, they don't focus on playing older material. They are focused on the fresher stuff—not to sell their latest album but because it's what they feel strongly about. They put everything they have into writing a new record and they want to focus on in that instance—that is where they are as a band, not only musically but mentally.

As for the new material, they describe it as a slight return to heavier guitar territory without leaving out the melody that they bring forth and diversity. I asked Mike if his solo project MGR influenced the collective writing of the new material and, in short, he replied that it helped him focus on what Isis is and allowed him to create another outlet for things that affect him. The guitarists emphasized the fact that songwriting is an effort from every member of the band, each contributing their own parts, sharing everything so fans know that the music was created by Isis.

On the recently released list is the double CD of remixed Isis songs, a sort of follow-up to the four volumes of limited to 500 Vinyl of the same remixes and others. The idea and invitation to have their music remixed by a huge variety of artists actually came about back when the band released their *Sent* 5 EP, which included a remix by Justin Broadrick of Godflesh and Jesu, in which he remixed a track off of *Celestial*. The remixes came flowing in from the likes of Jorabe, DJ Speedrack, Mike Patton and James Plotkin. And for us vinyl hounds, the 4th volume of the series does have a misprint on the label, which I asked the guys about. They said their copies had the same thing.

To give a simple description for Isis is nearly impossible; it is emotionally heavy music. I will always have the memory of the band showing me that there is more to music as long as you keep your ears open and, more importantly, that musicians are human just like me. Writing and talking to bands that have directly affected my life isn't a job—it's just plain fun! So what if the logistics got screwed up? In the end that, is the message that the band strives to push forward. The listeners can get what they want out of Isis as long as it challenges them.



PRESEASON SNOWBOARD SCREENINGS

By Shawn Mayer

For The Right Or Wrong
Burton Video Premiere
10/23/06

Gateway Megaplex 12, Downtown SLC

By this time of year, I am sick of attending video premieres; the novelty has worn thin. Every premiere just seems the same: a bunch of bratty kids, scantily-clad high school girls, scenesters and an average video to boot. However, Burton decided to take a different approach for their premiere this year. The typical crowd was in effect and as annoying as ever (the kids yelling "penis" before the screening weren't as cool as they thought), but the video was different. Instead of just showing their standard Process video (in which Burton rips their rider's parts out of other

the sport a little too seriously. For example, an interview with Kelly Clark revealed a struggle with alcoholism after failing to win a gold medal in the 2000 Salt Lake Olympics. Other riders at this level (Olympic stage) showed some struggle with pressure from the industry, but in the end just performed to the best of their ability and had a good time getting paid for what they love. Shaun White actually seems cool in this movie for not taking snowboarding that seriously. I was impressed how this movie was able to capture the different sides of snowboarding by separating the contest jocks



videos released this year and rehashes them slightly to create something "new"), Burton along with **Mandalay Entertainment** released "For Right or Wrong," a documentary style flick that follows different riders around and offers a glimpse into why athletes do what they do.

The idea of a documentary about snowboarders seemed pretty ridiculous. For the most part, we all live the same lives, we chase the snow, party in between and just have a good time. Snowboarding is the sport of slackers, rebels, and the misguided (for the most part). But while I was watching this film, I was intrigued by some of the riders' thoughts on the sport. It was interesting to see how pros turned passion into a career and how some of them treat it as such while others still ride to have fun (but make a little cash while doing it). Some riders took

from the soul riders and the video guys. Each of these sides was portrayed in a very different light, as they should be.

This film has a very rich production value. The use of high speed film allows the camera to show tricks as an art form, stepping away from the typical bag-o-tricks style filming.

Although most of us aren't very interested in hearing snowboarders talk about their lives or anything, this film offers different views on the entire spectrum of the sport via rider dialogue. It shows us that some of the athletes really do work hard at pushing the limits of the sport (Jeremy Jones has by far the best shot in the film, you'll know when you see it) and aren't just pot-smoking, beer-drinking delinquents. I must admit, I did enjoy this film; I give it a thumbs up.

The City. Park City
PCMR 16 mm Film Premiere
10/04/06
Town Lift Plaza, Park City

Many of us have been waiting patiently for winter to roll back around. Early snowfall gave us dreams of an early season, only to be foiled by the return of warm weather. However, there are other things that keep those dreams of waist-deep powder and sunny park days alive—snowboard videos. And what better way to watch a film than with a couple hundred snowboarders: beginners and pros alike all waiting for the new season to begin.

On October 5th, riders of all walks of life gathered on the deck of the town lift plaza in Park City for the debut

everybody in the past season and the features built just for the video. The roars grew stronger when a few locals hit the big screen. **Bode Merrill** and **Brandon Doyon** teamed up to deliver a standout section in the movie. Be on the lookout for these two this upcoming season (especially Brandon off the snow. They don't call him Blackout for nothing). Other standout parts of the film included **Stevie Bell**, **Drew Fuller** and the usual **Park City All-Stars** that destroy the park on a daily basis. Overall, the film was solid for an all-park video (which are harder to make because of limited features



of *City. Park City*. Everyone was decked out in this year's new product from head to toe. I even saw a few people sporting their goggles (a little too early to be wearing these types of things, but to each his own, I guess). A dozen or more of the featured riders showed up to hang with the locals, promote the film, and share a flask with friends. For the younger crowd hoping to meet the likes of **Shaun White**, **JP Walker** and **MFM**, an autograph table was set up up where the line grew until the premiere came to a close.

Once the crowd filled the deck and the sun set, the movie began. For the next 20-some-odd minutes all eyes gazed at the giant inflatable screen. The crowd cheered as their favorite pros threw down tricks on regular park features that were open to

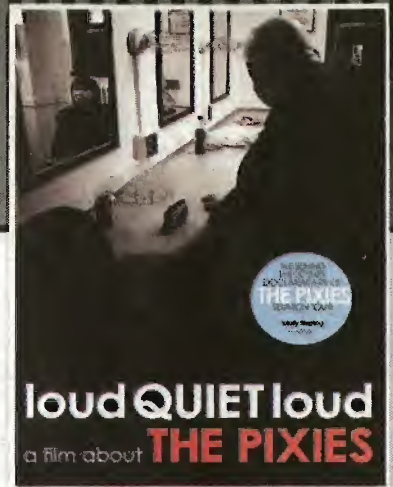
and terrain).

After the film, the crowd rushed down the steps towards the line for the after-party at *Club Suede*. Although it was invite-only, it didn't stop girls from flirting with pros and guys from name-dropping at the door. All the bros that were turned away by two overarmed and unimpressed security guards, headed to *Harry O's*. Those of us that had too much to drink the night before or were too poor to attend, decided to escape the cold and head back to Salt Lake for dollar Pabst Blue Ribbons and an erotic photo hunt at our favorite watering hole.

City. Park City will be released for free in the Nov. issue of *Future Snowboarder Magazine*, currently on newsstands.
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YO LA TENGO

Reality TV Ain't For Me: An Interview with James McNew
by Emily Allen emiliallen@yugoo.com

When you think of music in 1985, what do you think of? Uber hipsters might say they "remember" the release of The Smith's *Meat Is Murder* or Velvet Underground's *VU*. For the rest of us, well, we might remember Madonna and Sean Penn marrying, watching the recording session of "We Are The World," and David Lee Roth leaving Van Halen. 1985 is also the year when Yo La Tengo emerged out of Hoboken, New Jersey. It's hard to believe Yo La Tengo didn't really catch wind until the early 90s with the albums *Electropura* and *I Can Hear the Heart Beating As One*. But there they were and are still today, making amazing music. September 12th marked the date of their latest release, *I Am Not Afraid of You and I Will Beat Your Ass*.

With twenty years under their belts, they're as busy as ever. Recently, they've scored the music for four films, including *June Bug*, *Old Joy* (starring Will Oldham) and *Short Bus*, directed by John Cameron Mitchell (*Hedwig and the Angry Inch*).

For James McNew, Yo La Tengo's bassist, the difference between scoring a film and recording an album are huge. "[Recording an album and scoring a film are] totally different. In 20 years, it's something that's totally brand new. When we make records, we're the boss. We have the final say on everything. The movies we've worked on, we try to do stuff that's us, our musical personality, and yet, at the same time you're trying to do exactly what someone else wants you to do. But that's the arrangement," responds McNew.

Last year, Yo La Tengo was invited to play at *The Sundance Film Festival* and performed a live set with Daniel Johnston. "I had difficulty breathing," McNew responds when asked about his Sundance experience. Enough said. They also did a few numbers with John Cameron Mitchell backing them up. They had been friends with Mitchell over the years and recently scored the soundtrack for his new film *Short Bus*. "It seemed that most of the movies that we had worked on were very kind of quiet, understated films. And then along came *Short Bus*, which is anything but quiet and understated," says McNew. *Short Bus* deals with confronting emotions involved with and around sex, and how we talk about (or choose not to talk about) it in a comical, open, honest and very frank way. "It was hilarious to be working on scenes all day where there are just, you know, penises everywhere," James says, and then quips "'What did you do at practice today? Oh, oh nothing...mom.' It was really fun to work on that movie. It's an amazing movie. Some of the pieces we did for [*Short Bus*] were of a freakier nature."

For about the past 12 years, Yo La Tengo has helped their hometown local listener-supported radio station, WFMU, with their pledge drives. People who donate 100 dollars or more can request any song they want that isn't a Yo La Tengo original. They play everything from the *Batman* theme song to Sticky Little Fingers to Steely Dan to The Fall. "We didn't do a particularly good job. We did try all of [the requests]. [The pledge drive] was just all over the place," McNew recalls. They've since put out a compilation of those pledge drive requests titled, *Yo La Tengo is Murdering the Classics*.

"When it comes to a pledge drive, the length that they're willing to go to raise money for the station is, is (laughs), they can be pretty incredible. We just decided that we want to do something to help out. We do listen to them all the time and they've always been really supportive of us," James says.

With the Internet rapidly and steadily changing the face of music as we speak, radio has not been immune to technologies transformative grasp. But McNew is uncertain whether this change is a good or bad thing for radio. "Radio options in New York City are not much fun. There's not so much freewill involved in any of it. It does seem more and more shocking to drive around the country and hear a college radio station. It's exhilarating to just hear a person go on, playing a record that he or she thought was great. 'Wow! That seems so odd!' That's like someone going on TV and playing, you know (laughs), playing a video they thought was good," James responds. McNew continues, "I miss [college radio]. I miss it terribly. I remember my days as a college radio DJ were among some of my favorites. I would have the shift from 2 a.m. to 6 a.m. It was awesome. So much fun."

But McNew also realizes that the Internet has caused a major shift in the music scene since the days of college radio. "I think [the Internet] has made access to music infinitely easier. I think there is something to be said for information. I'm all in favor of information. But there's something also to be said mystery. It de-mystifies a lot of things in a bad way," James says.

It's that attitude that I've been most impressed with from a band that's been a part of the indie music scene long before the term "indie" was coined. They've collaborated with everyone from Yoko Ono to Ray Davies to Daniel Johnston, and even David Cross (check out their music video for "Sugarcube"), all the while maintaining a humble profile. I was able to witness that firsthand at their show in Salt Lake last month. After finishing an absolutely rockin' set where all three members transitioned from synths to piano to bass, and more guitar changes than I think I've ever seen in a small venue, they seemed completely comfortable just hanging out and chit-chatting with the crowd. These are true artists, working hard doing exactly what they want and having a great time in the process.

Before hanging up the phone with James, however, I was very curious to find out if there was one particular collaboration that stood apart from the rest. His answer, while a little surprising, made complete sense for a band that doesn't limit themselves. "Just recently we appeared on the season finale of the show *The Gillmore Girls*, at the end of last season. We played ourselves. It was a really strange, awesome experience to be flown out to Hollywood and go on the lot. Sonic Youth appeared on the show as did the band, Sparks, who I always loved. I got up my courage and started a conversation with the two guys from Sparks, and now we're buddies and it's really the strongest thing in the world. The line between fantasy and reality, it never really stands a chance."



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NOVEMBER DAYS

Friday, November 3

The Plain White T's – Sound
 The Secret Handshake, Ole Bravo, Johnny Tightlips, Camden Ray and the Cause – Kilby
 Bottle Rocket – Tower
 Chanticleer & Joel Taylor – Nobrow
 The Arboretum, Idiocracy, Crystal Prism, Krypled – Vegas
 Western Underground – Depot
 Ramones Alive – Suede
 Shackleton, SKINT, Monochrist – Burt's
 CD Release: Three Percent Hero, Larusso, Until Further Notice, Drop Dead Julio – Avalon
 Medicine Circus, Jack Jones, Monarch – Liquid Joe's
 Exene Cervenka & The Original Sinners, Knuckle Draggar, 7 Shot Screamer – Urban
 Colin Robison – Alchemy Coffee
 Black Hole CD Release, Patrol, Le Force – Broken Record
 Dr. Mongo, Harry Harpoon – Pat's BBQ
 Our Name is Jonas, Gorgeous Hussies – Monk's

Saturday, November 4

GWAR, Municipal Waste, The Red Chord, Die Monster Die – Avalon
 The Utah County Swillers, I Can Lick Any S.O.B In The House, The Earps Hillstomp – Burt's
 Bottle Rocket – Tower
 Go Figure, Craving Lovely – Johnny's on 2nd
 MISS Crazy, Downfall, Tommy Had A Vision, The Street – Vegas
 Angels and Airwaves, The Sounds – Saltair
 Robert Randolph & The Family Band, Ryan Shaw – In the Venue
 Anathallo, Page France, Palomina – Kilby
 Joanna Newsom – Depot
 Del Tha Funkee Homosapien, Psalm One, Bukue One, A-Plus – Suede
 The Chariot, August Burns Red, Destroy The Runner, Twelve Gauge Valentine, Inhale Exhale – Boom Va
 SLC Derby Girls Recruitment Party featuring SPORK – Urban
 Mary Tebbs – Alchemy Coffee
 Dr. Mongo, Harry Harpoon – Pat's BBQ
 Tony's Unplugged – Tony's

Sunday, November 5

Shai Hulud, 100 Demons, Since The Flood, On Dead Three Wounded – Boom Va
 After the Party – Alchemy Coffee

Monday, November 6

Ari Hest, Eliot Morris – Suede
SLUG Presents: loudQUIETloud Pixies DVD Screening, Free! – Brewvies

Tuesday, November 7

Ladysmith Black Mambazo – Depot
 Four Letter Lie, Glory Of This, A Heartwell Ending – Bleachers
 Jamie Lidell, Lapsed, Snax, non non – Urban
 Open Mic Night – Alchemy Coffee
 Incantation, Internal Suffering, Year of Desolation – Kamikaze's
 Comedy Night – Burt's
 Four Letter Lie, Glory Of This – Bleachers
 Cowboy Poetry and Buckaroo Fair begins – Heber City
GET OUT AND VOTE!

Wednesday, November 8

The Beautyshop, Oh My God – Burt's
 The Hush Sound, Murder By Death, The Providence, This Is Me Smiling – In the Venue
 Prozac Turner of Foreign Legion, MS DOS, Blue Collar Theory – Urban
 Alesana, The Bleeding Alarm – Boom Va
 Murder By Death, The Hush Sound, This Is Me Smiling, This Providence – Sound

Thursday, November 9

Rise Against, Thursday, Circa Survive, Billy Talent – Saltair
 Piebald, MeWithoutYou, Say Anything – Sound
 Boyskout, Lazerfang, The Rubes – Urban
 Take the Fall – Kilby
 The Warriors, Full Blown Chaos, Remembering Never, War of Ages – Boom Va
 Soul Redemption – Piper Down

Friday, November 10

Frustrations Gripp, Separation of Self, Cavity Burn, The Miranda Project – Vegas
 Hedwig and the Angry Inch – Tower
 Jagertown – Suede
 Iota, The Grimmway, Los Rojos – Burt's
 The Summer Obsession, Hedley – Bleachers

Localized: Evolver, Glacial, Charlie Don't Surf – Urban

Ben Lee, Rooney, Under the Influence of Giants, John Ralston – Avalon
 Debbie Graham – Alchemy Coffee
 Heaters, Invisible Rays – Broken Record
 Zach Parrish – Pat's BBQ

Saturday, November 11

Anberlin, Greeley Estates, Monty Are I, Story of the Year – Avalon
 Kathleen Madigan – Kingsbury
 Hedwig and the Angry Inch – Tower
 Thunderfist, ADHD, Knuckledragger, 3/4 Nelson – Burt's
 Kind of Like Spitting In-Store – Slowtrain
 Pit Er Pat, Tolchock Trio, Taught Me – Urban
 Monochrist, HatePiece, Torque, Shadow, Incendiant – Vegas
 Madeline, Eliza Wren & the Jewell Thieves, Q Stands for Q, Bombs and Beating

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CHILI COOK OFF 11.17 AT VEGAS

Hearts, James Miska – Kilby
 Josh Stone – Alchemy Coffee
 The K Liners – Pat's BBQ
 Tim Palmer – Ken Sanders
 Jake Haugne – Tony's

Sunday, November 12

Atreya, Every Time I Die, Chiodos, I Am the Ocean – Avalon
 Psychic Paramount – Urban
 Cowboy Poetry and Buckaroo Fair ends – Heber City

Monday, November 13

The Pretenders, The Who – Delta Center
 Islands – In the Venue
 The Yearbook, The Trademark, Larusso, Parker – Kilby
 RC Dub – Monk's

Tuesday, November 14

Comedy Night – Burt's
 Gil Mantera's Party Dream, Grand Buffet, Rodeo Boys – Urban
 Brand New Heavies – Suede
 SKINT, Chasing Zen, Ghostowne – Vegas
 Showbread, Sullivan, Tyler Read, Swans of Never – Kilby
 Open Mic Night – Alchemy Coffee
 Maxeen, The Outline – Bleachers

Wednesday, November 15

Acute, Appleseed Cast, Copeland, Owen – Avalon
 Dodo Bird – Broken Record
 Antlerand, Uzi and Ari, Taught Me, Barcelona – Kilby
 Norma Jean, Between the Buried and Me, Fear Before the March of Flames, Misery – Boom Va
 Norma Jean, Before The March Of Flames, Between The Buried and Me Instore – Ogden Graywhale
 Starlight Run, Matt Pond PA, Street to Nowhere, Kevin Devine – Sound
 Lee "Scratch" Perry, Dub I A Weapon – Depot
 Green Milk from the Planet Orange, Red Bennies, Panda & Angel – Urban

Thursday, November 16

All Shall Perish, Arsis, The Faceless, Lost In the Fire, They Come In Swarms – Boom Va
 "Orphans" opens – The Post Theatre
 Ellison, Canadians Among Us – Kilby
 Benefit Show For Matt Lund – Vegas

DAILY CALENDAR

Pagan Love Gods – Piper Down

Friday, November 17

Gallery Stroll – Pierpont
Blind Guardian, Leaves Eyes – Avalon
Mika9 – Monk's
Edward Scissorhands – Tower
James Anthony Gallery Opens – James Anthony Gallery
First Annual Chili Cook-Off With Slippery Kittens Burlesque, Seamus, Balance of Power – Vegas
The Moonrats, Elizabeths Lights – Bleachers
Mika9 In-Store – Uprok
The Craze, Paxton, Never Cast Anchor, Secret Sobriety – Kilby
No Quarter – Depot
Iota, Spork – Broken Record
Phunk JunkeeZ – Liquid Joe's
Wolf Eyes, Vile Blue Shades – Urban
Doves of War – Alchemy Coffee
Albert James and the Aces – Pat's BBQ
Mikah 9 – Monk's
Black Chandelier Fall 2006 Runway Show – Gateway Grand Hall

Saturday, November 18

Cute Is What We Aim For, Dave Melillo, Hellagoodbye, Reggie & The Full Effect – In the Venue
Edward Scissorhands – Tower
Rickets, Mower, Drown Out The Stars, Sindolor – Vegas
B Side Players – Suede
The Brobecks, Allred, Soular, Lydia, In:Aviate – Kilby
Howard Jones – Kingsbury
Stormy, Hello Amsterdam, SPORK – Urban
Kaskade and BT, DJ Ebenflow – Depot
John Draper – Alchemy Coffee
Blues on First – Pat's BBQ
Clint Lewis – Tony's

Sunday, November 19

Tara Jane O'Neil, Chanticleer, Calico, Jon Bentley – Kilby
Starlight Desperation – Monk's
Danava, The Wolfs – Urban

Monday, November 20

Vince Gill – Abravanel
Karrin Allyson – Sheraton
Karen Bayard – Alchemy Coffee
The Toasters, The Phenomenauts, SLC Upstarts – Depot
The Meditations – Monk's
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Tuesday, November 21

Ghostly – Broken Record
Cabaret Voltage – Urban
ID, Peter Van Horn, Tamara Morton – Vegas
Open Mic Night – Alchemy Coffee
Zebrahead, Authority Zero, Larusso – Avalon
Boomstick – Monk's

Wednesday, November 22

Cannibal Corpse, Dying Fetus, Necrophagist, Unmerciful – Avalon
Alice In Chains, Hurt – Saltair
Juke Kartel, Toby Rand – Kilby
Redemption, Carphax Files – Vegas
Black Market Babies Burlesque Show – Burt's
My American Heart, Pistolita, Action Action, Danger Radio – Boom Va
Black Label Society, Black Stone Cherry, Priestess – Depot

Thursday, November 23

Gobble Gobble Gobble – Your House

Friday, November 24

James Shook – Alchemy Coffee
This Love Machine, Heroes Die Trying – Kilby
Camden Ray – Broken Record
Planes, Trains, and Automobiles – Tower
LA Guns, Shadow, Aerial – Vegas
CD Release: The Utah County Swillers, Badgrass Boys – Burt's
Escape the Fate, A Thorn For Every Heart, Moros Eros – Bleachers
The Legendary Porch Pounders – Pat's BBQ
The Wolfs – Monk's

Saturday, November 25

Elias, The Rebel Spell, Shackleton, Charlie Don't Surf – Burt's

ANTLERAND 11.15 KILBY CT



Time Capsule – Alchemy Coffee
Jim Bone & The Dig, Salty Frogs – Urban
Triamid Battle of the Bands – Vegas
Stark Raven – Pat's BBQ
Non/Ado – Tony's

Sunday, November 26

36 Crazy Fists, Scars of Tomorrow, Catharine, Clifton – Boom Va

Monday, November 27

Solidarity, Stick To Your Guns, The Burning Season, Too Pure To Die – Ritz

Tuesday, November 28

Catherine, Destroy the Runner, Oh Sleeper, A Love Ends Suicide – Boom Va
Comedy Night – Burt's
Open Mic Night – Alchemy Coffee
Margot and the Nuclear So and So's, Dirty on Purpose, FUI – Kilby
Queensryche – Depot

Wednesday, November 29

Echoes and Soundscapes – Urban
Panic! At the Disco, Bloc Party, Jack's Mannequin – E Center
Silvershot Schwa Grotto – Burt's

Thursday, November 30

The Levitation Project Launch Party – Port O' Call

Friday, December 1

Brad Paisley, Carrie Underwood – Delta
The Aquabats – In the Venue
The Lemonheads, Vietnam, The Hymns – Depot
Clumsy Lovers – Urban
Skullfuzz – Burt's
"Cold-Chella" Night One: The Brobecks, In:Aviate, TaughtMe, The Band of
Annals, Drew Danbury – Kilby
Stranger Friendly – Alchemy Coffee
Gaza, Glacial – Broken Record
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Kilby Court Calendar- November 2006

- 03- The Secret Handshake, Ole Bravo, Johnny Tightlips, Camden Ray & the Cause \$7
- 04- Anathallo, Page France, Palomino \$8 adv/\$10 doors
- 09- locals show w/ Take the Fall & others \$6
- 11- Madeline, Eliza Wren & the Jewell Thieves, Q stands for Q, James Miska, Bombs and Beating Hearts \$6
- 13- The Yearbook, The Trademark, Larusso, Parker \$6
- 14- Showbread, Sullivan, Tyler Read, Swans of Never \$8 adv/\$10
- 15- Antlerand, Uzi and Ari, Taught-Me, Barcelona \$6 adv/\$7
- 16- Ellison, Canadians Among US, t.b.a. \$6
- 17- The Craze, Paxton, Never Cast Anchor, Secret Society \$6 adv/\$7
- 18- The Brobecks, Soular, Allred, Lydia, In:Aviate \$7 adv/\$8
- 19- Tara Jane O'Neil, Chanticleer, Calico, John Bently \$6 adv/\$7
- 22- Juke Kartel with Toby Rand (of CBS "Rock Star Supernova") \$12
- 24- This Love Machine, Heroes Die Trying \$6 adv/\$7
- 28- Margot & the Nuclear So and So's, Dirty on Purpose, Fui \$7 adv.
- Coming in December:
- 01- "Cold-Chella" Night One: The Brobecks, In:Aviate, TaughtMe, Band of Annuals, Drew Danburry \$7 adv/\$9
- 02- "Cold-chella" Night Two: Seve vs. Evan, Kid Theodore, Sea Mine, Eden Express, Joel Taylor \$7 adv/\$9



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